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THE WARRIORS.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Others more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their *own heroic deeds*, and hapless fall
By doom of battle; and complain that Fate,
Free virtue should enthrall to force or chance.
PARADISE LOST.

I.

They sang, while Memory pointed back
To diamond towers and azure streams
Pure as the holy forms that float
In childhood's sinless dreams,
Now but the burden of a hymn—
Lost, wailing, pallid cherubim!

II.

O, golden hours of Heaven fled!
O, golden shadow of the throne
In which they walked imparadised
Companioned or alone!
Forever gone the starred delight,
And now, the long, long, endless night!

III.

Beside them droops the dim, torn flag
That led the pulses of the fight—
Around their brows the rayless wreath
Once wove of flowers and light:
O, Force! O, Fate! O, hapless Fall!
O, white robe lost!—O, clinging pall!

IV.

Sad ones! we of the human mold,
Must solemnly mark, though just, your doom—
For what are we ourselves but heirs
Of many a burning tomb:
What thousands of heroic deed,
And guiltless, daily, hourly bleed!

V.

Force! Fate! the terrible gods o'er us
Are also iron-speared and crowned
And never-ending Battle winged
With lightning, rages round—
But if we fall, shall we complain,
Like ye when driven from the plain?

VI.

No, Angels, no! not those that war,
Unlike yourselves, with ancient wrong,
If they must fall, ignoble sink
To melancholy song:
Even in defeat, the soul with Right
For worship, loses not her might.

VII.

Then warriors for the Truth, look up!
If fallen—will we wed the fall?
Arouse! Arouse! Our idle swords
From belt and scabbards call:
To arms! To arms! No puling song—
But fiercer war again with Wrong!

LADY GLENDOWER IN CAPTIVITY.

GLENDOWER;

OR,

THE NORTH SEA ROVER.

A STORY OF THE COAST AND WATERS OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CONFLICT, AND ITS RESULT.

Not until the grapplings had been secured, and the two vessels lay fairly side by side, did Julian raise his head so that the enemy might see his features. Then he started forward and cast a quick glance over the scene. He saw that the pirates were preparing for boarding, and he knew from their manner that they were not expecting resistance. They all had their cutlasses girded about them, but not many had their weapons drawn.

"Ready!" ordered the youth, in a tone which was quickly caught by those for whom it was intended, but which could not be heard beyond. "Now!—To your stations!"

Quick as thought, and without confusion, the men glided to their respective places, and hardly had they done so, when the pirates began to leap upon the rail of their own vessel. The first to start was the giant chieftain himself. He had leaped upon the rail, and had his hand stretched forth to grasp the trader's main-topgallant backstay, when Julian Glendower sprang forward and confronted him.

"Ha! Villian!" the youth cried, raising his pistol as he spoke. "Thus do we meet again!"

"Death and perdition!" gasped Grunker, stopping suddenly in his course, as though he had seen a spirit. But he rallied in a moment, and was in the act of drawing a pistol from his belt, when Julian took deliberate aim, and fired. The pirate chieftain's weapon dropped, and raising his hand quickly and spasmodically to his bosom—very near to the old wound—he sank back upon the deck of his own vessel. Julian saw him stagger back, with his hand still pressing hard upon the pain-spot—then reel to and fro like a drunken man—and then, as he was upon the point of falling, two of his men caught him in their arms, and bore him below.

In the meantime the hardy Scotchmen had not been idle. As soon as they heard the report of their leader's pistol they were ready for action, and the first ten men who showed themselves upon the rail were shot down. Three only of the pirates, at the first onset, gained the trader's deck, and they were shot ere they had dealt a blow.

For a few moments there was a cessation of hostilities. Julian saw in an instant the effect which had been produced upon the pirates, and making all possible haste among his men, he arranged them into two squads, taking care that each man should have plenty of room, and instructing them to see to it that they kept the enemy before them.

"Fall back if necessary," he said, "but be sure that you do not let any of the villains get behind you. Remember—your rear is forbidden ground, to which they cannot pass alive. Now—look out!"

Cartham, upon whom now fell the duty of leading the buccaneer crew, had rallied his men, and with fearful oaths of vengeance he urged them on. As they started forward a second time, they poured in a volley of pistol shots upon the trader's deck, and then another. The few loaded pistols which remained in the hands of the merchantmen were discharged as the pirates came over the side, and then the conflict was hand to hand. Julian had kept his eye upon Laban Cartham, and the two met as if by mutual desire. The pirate lieutenant was a powerful fellow—a solid mass of bone and muscle—and he sprang upon our hero as a lion might spring upon an easy prey.

"Infernal dog!" he cried, as he stopped a moment to gaze into the youth's face, "*we* have met now, and if you have friends in the other world, you shall soon be with them!"

"Don't stop to threaten," returned Julian. "I have settled with your superior, and I can settle with you."

"Then here it is!" shouted Cartham, springing forward, and aiming a blow at the youth's head.

But Julian was prepared for all such onsets as that. He parried the stroke with a slight effort, and did not seek then to return it. He saw that his antagonist was mad, and that he would be likely very soon to forget himself. And so it proved, for as our hero only aimed to ward off his furious blows he grew more and more excited, and seemed to imagine that his combatant dared not make an attack. Finally, having grown desperate at his repeated failure to make any impression upon his agile foe, he reached forward to grasp Julian's arm. This was an opportunity not to be missed. Our hero simply leaped upon one side, and at the same time drove his cutlass through the pirate's body; then he gave him a push as he drew his reeking weapon forth, and Laban Cartham sank dead upon the deck.

During this scene the conflict had been raging in the gangway and upon the forecastle. Captain Moore had proved himself a dangerous man for the pirates, having slain three of them with his own hand; while Sweeny and Mark, who had got together upon the forecastle, were doing good work there. Five of the Scotchmen had fallen, and the others were being pressed hard.

A slight circumstance may change the fate of a battle, no matter how carefully arrangements have been made. When Julian Glendower, flushed with his easy victory over Cartham, appeared in the gangway, with his ringing tones of encouragement startling the air, and cut down two of the enemy at two successive strokes, the pirates fell back; and the moment they did this they had lost the day, for Julian knew the value of following up such an advantage.

"At them!" he cried. "Secure every foot they lose, and the day is our own!"

And as he spoke he struck down the foeman nearest to him—Moore struck down a second—and, with one accord, the remainder of the pirates turned and fled to their own vessel. Those upon the forecastle saw the movement, and quietly followed their companions, and in a few moments no living foe was upon the trader's deck. The buccaneers had no desire to renew the conflict, and as the other party were of the same feeling, the grapplings were cast off, and the two vessels quickly separated. The Rover's maintopsail was sheeted home, and as she moved off before the wind Julian had an opportunity to count the men upon her deck. He could make but ten of them, and the boatswain seemed to be in command. As soon as her maintopsail sheets were belayed the foretopsail was set, the main spencer hauled out, and the jib run up.

"What does that mean?" asked Moore, who had been watching the movements of the pirate, after his maintopsail had been given to the wind.

"She's roundin' to," said Mark. "The villains want to fire into us!"

"That's their meaning, as sure as the world," added Julian.

And even as he spoke a wreath of white smoke curled up from the pirate's forecastle, and a ball came crashing through the stern, smashing the boat in its course, and passing out through the bulwarks to leeward. Another, and another gun was fired—and then another, all three of the shot taking effect upon the trader's hull. Then the pirate wore ship, and came around upon the other tack, thus presenting her starboard battery.

"By heavens!" cried Captain Moore, "they have us at their mercy now!"

"We might have pursued them to their own deck, and cut them all down there," returned Julian, "though the experiment would have been a dangerous one. We have done all we could, and we must now trust to fortune."

He had hardly ceased speaking when another shot came tearing through the quarter-rail, passing to windward of the mainmast, and staving the stern of the long-boat in pieces. Three more followed in quick succession, two of which struck the hull, while the other passed through the foot of the mainsail, which had been set, and carried away the main-stay.

"In God's name," cried Moore, "must we bear all this! The wretches can lay off and on under our stern, and fire into us till they blow us in pieces!"

"I see but one way of help," said Julian. "While we lay thus we are at their mercy, but if we haul close upon the wind, and run boldly up, they can only give us chase and use their bow guns!"

"We'll do that," returned the captain. And the order was immediately given for getting the brig upon the wind with her larboard tacks aboard. The pirate, who had just wore ship, and was running off to the eastward, was thus brought directly astern of the trader, and as she came upon the wind a few minutes later, her two bow-ports were opened, and the guns were soon run out.

"We can do more," said Julian, having cast his eyes aloft to see that everything was drawing. "Those wretches are bent upon revenge, and they must have their fill. Suppose we take a look over the deck."

The captain readily assented, and they turned first to the spot where Cartham had fallen.

"We have no hammocks to spare, and no canvass," said Moore; "and I don't know where we'll find weights to sink the bodies."

"Then they must go as they are," responded our hero. "We'll keep the bodies of our own men, and give them decent burial on shore; but these others must be out of our way."

At this moment a shot struck the mainsail near the weather earing, and passed through the foretopsail.

"If they'll only fire as high as that every time, we wouldn't mind it so much," said Mark, as he stooped down to help lift the corse of the pirate lieutenant.

The body was thrown overboard, and then the men proceeded to the gangway, where lay eight dead pirates, and four of the brig's crew. The former were thrown into the sea, and the latter were carried below. Upon the forecastle they found five dead pirates, and two of their own men. These were disposed of the same as the others had been, and then Capt. Moore turned his attention to two of his brave fellows who had been wounded.

In the meantime the pirate kept up his fire, but as yet no man had been injured, save a slight scratch which Mr. Sweeny received upon the arm from a splinter. Capt. Moore and Julian had just gone aft when one of the men came running up from below with the information that the brig was leaking badly.

"There's six or eight feet of water in the hold!" he said, "and it's pouring in as fast as it can."

Moore rushed to the side, and found that the vessel was settling rapidly in the water, and it was soon discovered that they had not only received several shots between wind and water, but that one of them must have torn away some of the planking.

"Here's a go, at all events!" cried the captain, with a quivering lip. "What's to be done now? We haven't a boat left, and if we make a raft, the pirates 'll blow us out of water by the time we get on to it."

Julian knew not what advice to offer in this emergency. The captain had spoken to him, but he could only shake his head, and bid them hope for the best.

"And where's the hope?" returned Moore. "We can't float half an hour. Look there!" he added, pointing over the side, "the water already washes the channels."

"We might make a raft and run the risk," suggested Mark.

Julian was upon the point of speaking when one of the men, who had just gone forward, yelled out, at the top of his voice—

"*O-ho!—Sail-ho!*"

"Where away?" cried the captain rushing to the forecastle.

"Right ahead, sir."

When Capt. Moore reached the weather bow he saw a barque, not more than two miles distant, bearing down directly towards them. They had all been so intent upon the pirate that no look-out had been kept forward, and thus the stranger had approached them unobserved. The pirate seemed to have discovered the barque at the same time, for having fired one more shot, she put up her helm, squared away, and ran off before the wind.

It was evident to the crew of the trader that if they were to have help from the coming vessel, they must have it very soon, for the brig was already becoming unsteady in the water, and ere long she must go.

"She's liable to pitch her nose under at any moment," said the captain, as he ran up a signal of distress. "She's just like a drunken man now."

"I know," returned Julian; "but the barque will be up in a few moments. She comes down swiftly. If you have anything you wish to save, you'd better get it up at once."

Thus admonished, Capt. Moore turned his attention to saving the few things of value which he could get at, while Julian remained on deck to look out for the barque. He called some of his men to help him, and they worked with a will. The money was got out—some two thousand crowns—and all the charts and nautical instruments, and the men also saved most of their clothing.

In the meantime the barque had come down and hove-to, and one of her boats was sent off to the sinking brig. The money and other articles were handed down while Capt. Moore was telling his story, and then the crew—eleven all told—followed. As soon as all was safe on board, the boat was pushed off and pulled back, and the saved men were soon on the deck of the barque. The last man had just stepped over the side, when the brig was seen to give a heavy lurch forward.

"She's going!" cried Mr. Sweeny.

In a moment all eyes were directed to the spot.

The ill-fated vessel struggled up from the grasp of the sea, but it was only for another trial. Her stern sank deeper down—then she rested a moment, like some huge beast fatigued and weary—then she pitched forward again—forward until her bows went under—forward until her stern rose high in the air—forward until the water gathered about her foremast—then down, down, until the last fluttering sail disappeared, and the sea closed over her forever!

As our hero turned from this scene he cast his eyes off to leeward, and he could just see the heads of the pirate's topsails.

"It's a pity she couldn't have sunk, too," said Mark, who had been looking in the same direction.

"Never mind," said Julian. "I think we've served them about well enough. If I am not mistaken, you and I have helped send nearly forty of them to their last account, and I think we've destroyed their head, too. I'm very sure that Dixon Grunker is dead this time."

"I hope so," responded Mark.

At this point the commander of the barque approached the spot where they stood, and invited them into his cabin, where their story was soon told. He was an Englishman, and bound from Newcastle to Amsterdam. He was ready and willing to do anything in his power for those who had thus unexpectedly fallen under his protection, but he could not turn back. He might meet with some homeward-bound vessel in which they could return to England, but if he did not, then they must remain with him until some other opportunity should offer.

"Even now," murmured Julian, when he and Mark were alone, "I am not content. God has been very kind, but I would see my mother. We may be long away."

"If we don't meet some home'rd-bound vessel we may be a month or two away," replied the old man.

"Oh! I cannot bear the thought," the youth cried, with deep emotion. "I know I should feel only gratitude; but I am like one saved from drowning, and cast upon a barren rock. The object of my life is not gained. Mark, there is danger between the moorside and Cloughton. I feel it in my very soul. There is danger to my mother!"

Mark Warrenton dared not utter a falsehood so palpable as the denying of this, so he said nothing in reply, only to hope that some vessel might be met.

And yet days passed—long, tedious days—and Julian Glendower was borne farther and farther from the shores of Old England.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANOTHER VICTIM.

Margaret Glendower mourned for her son with an agony that was not to be allayed. He and Mark Warrenton had been sought for in all directions, notwithstanding the assurance of Adam Nolan that they must have been taken off by the pirates. Blood had been found in the forest path—a large, clotted pool—where a man had been killed, so it was known that there had been a conflict in the wood on the night of their disappearance. Margaret would have gone to Woldhill, but she dared not. Adam went for her, however, and made inquiries of the people there concerning the lost ones, but nothing was known of them. Sir Thomas professed to be greatly surprised at the occurrence, and promised that he would lend all the assistance in his power towards solving the mystery.

One night Margaret sat alone in the front room of the cot. Dame Warrenton had retired, faint and weary, but Margaret would not go. She said she would watch a while longer. If she was asked why she watched, she answered, that she might gain tidings of her boy. If she was told that there was danger, she only shook her head, and replied that she feared no evil greater than the loss of Julian. She sat in her chair, gazing up through the window at the stars, and ere long fell into an uneasy slumber. Presently she heard the rattle of pistol-shots and the clash of arms, and she saw her darling boy upon the deck of a vessel, with the dead and dying all about him, and men trying to slay him. She heard him call upon her—she heard him cry, "*Mother! Mother!*" and in an agony of terror she awoke and started from her chair. The cry of her boy still sounded in her ear—she was sure she had heard him call upon her—and without further thought she hastened to the door. She drew the bolt and threw it open, and passed quickly out. When she had reached the open yard she stopped and gazed about her. She saw the stars twinkling in the vault above, and she saw the dark line of the distant forest, but she could see no living thing. She called the name of her son—called in a low, whispering tone, as though she were afraid of her own voice—but she received no answer.

"It was but a dream," she said to herself. "And yet," she added, as she recalled the fearful scene, "I saw it all vividly, and heard his voice so plainly But I must have dreamed it all. Oh! Julian my son! my son! why did I bring thee here? I should have known better. Oh! would to God that I could have died for thee! But if thou art gone, thy mother will not linger long behind thee!"

She bowed her head till her chin rested upon her bosom, and in a few moments turned slowly towards the cot. She had taken but a single step when she was aroused to consciousness by the sound of something moving near her; but ere she could fully recover herself, so as to give any alarm, a thick cloth was thrown over her head, and drawn tightly about her mouth Then she was caught up by stout arms, and borne swiftly away. She struggled with all her power, but to no purpose. In a little while she was thrown across the back of a horse—then some one mounted behind her—then she heard the voices of two men, as though in consultation, and in a moment more the horse was started off upon a swift gallop. She knew that she was taken through the wood, as she could tell by feeling the sweep of overhanging boughs upon her body; and then she knew that they ascended a long hill. From this time she had no difficulty in guessing whither she was being carried, and a terrible fear came upon her. Finally the horse was stopped, and she was lifted from his back, and borne into a building. She knew that she went through a long hall—that several turns were made—and that she was then

led down a flight of stone steps, at the foot of which she made an abrupt turn, and at a short distance further down another long flight. At the foot of these the air was damp and cool. Further on her conductor stopped. She heard a heavy door open—she was led a few steps further—and then the sack was taken from her head. As soon as she could fairly get her breath she gazed about her. She saw a dark form standing near her—she had no difficulty in making out that it was a man—and in his hand he had a small lantern, which cast a sickly glare over the place, without revealing anything distinctly.

"There's a bed," he said, in a growling tone, which sounded more like an articulation from the throat of some brute than like the voice of a human being; "so ye can lay down whenever ye like."

"But—sir—in God's name!" gasped the terror-stricken woman, springing forward and seizing him by the arm, "where am I? why am I here?"

"I knows just noth'n at all about it," grunted the man shaking her off.

"You know where I am."

"I tell ye I knows just noth'n. There's yer bed, in the corner. Ye'd better get yer eyes on it, so ye can find it in the dark. Keep off, now—for I knows noth'n at all about ye. Away ye go."

Thus speaking he gave her a push towards the bed, and then turned quickly from the place. The heavy door was closed and bolted, and Margaret Glendower was alone. She raised her eyes to gaze about her, but the darkness was impenetrable and solid. She could see no more with her eyes open than she could with them closed. She remembered where the bed was, and having groped her way to it, she sank down upon it.

"Oh, my soul!" she murmured, clasping her hands upon her throbbing brow, "this must be the end! My boy has gone, and I am now to follow him. This is the residence of the earl—I know it, and I am now to suffer for my own folly!"

She rested her head upon the pillow, and when she had moaned and grieved until nature was exhausted she fell asleep. When she awoke she found that a dim light was struggling into her apartment; and having arisen to a sitting posture, and re-called the events of the past night, she cast her eyes about her. The cell in which she was confined was of solid masonry, though the walls were white and clean, and a dry mat spread upon the floor. The roof was arched, and in the center of it was an iron grating, through which the light came. There was a small oaken table and a chair, and the bed was not only soft and well made, but very clean; and it was evident, from the dryness of the sheets, that they could not have been long in the cell. Opposite the foot of the bed was a narrow, arched aperture in the wall, which led to a small ante-room beyond. There was a wooden door fixed in this passage, but it was open now.

Margaret Glendower sat thus upon the bed, when she heard the grating of bolts, and presently the door of her cell was opened, and she saw a bent, decrepit-looking form glide into her presence. The door was reclosed, and then the figure raised its head. The features were shrunk and shriveled; the sparse hair white with age; and glittering, snake-like eyes peered out from beneath the contracted brows. The prisoner uttered a low cry of terror, for she recognized in the person before her the grandmother of the young earl—Lavinia Cleaveland.

The old woman bore a loaf of bread and a large flagon in her hand, and having placed these upon the table she approached the bed.

"Margaret Glendower," she said, in a cracked, jarring tone, "I hope ye aren't frightened at what's happened."

As Margaret gazed into those gleaming, evil eyes, the thoughts of old times came over her, and ere she answered she bowed her head and covered her face with her hands. She could not bear the sight then. She felt that this was a Nemesis, whom she could not propitiate—a spirit of vengeance that would not be appeased.

"Are ye afraid of me?" Lavinia asked, taking a step nearer to the bed.

"Oh!" cried the trembling prisoner, starting up with a spasmodic movement, "tell me why I am here. Why am I thus hunted and persecuted?"

"Because ye'll be safer here than anywhere else," returned the titled beldam, with a hitch of the rounded shoulders. "The pirates won't find ye here."

"In mercy's name, my lady, don't lie to me," urged Margaret, clasping her thin white hands before her. "You have the power in your own hands, and there is no need of it. You know very well that the pirates troubled me not from any plan of their own. All the evil that has threatened me has been of one piece."

"Look ye," said Lavinia, with a hideous twist of her wrinkled features, "it isn't best to know too much; and, if ye do know it, it isn't best always to tell of it."

"But I speak only to one who knows even more than I do," returned Margaret.

"Ah—how do I know how many times ye've said that?" resumed the old woman, bending a searching glance upon the prisoner. "Who have ye told this to before?"

"I have told no one."

"But, listen to me, Margaret Glendower. Ye know there's a secret in my bosom. It should be a secret between us."

"It is—it is," cried the unhappy woman.

"Ah—haven't ye told nobody?"

"For long years I have kept it sacredly in my own bosom. Not even to my own son have I lisped a word, though he has pressed me hard."

"I'm glad of that."

"And now," continued Margaret, again clasping her hands imploringly, "tell me what has become of my boy."

"How should I know what has become of him? I have not seen him. I do not know him."

"Oh! do not deceive me. If he is dead, tell me so. If he has been taken away by these pirates, in Heaven's name let me know it! I implore you—I entreat of you—I pray, most humbly—tell me, where is my boy!"

"Woman, I know nothing of him. But," the hag added, with a fiendish look, "why did you come here? Why did you show your face in England again—and, more than all, in Yorkshire?"

"Lady Cleaveland," replied Margaret, in an earnest, impassioned tone, "as God is my judge, I came not here with a thought beyond seeing Dame Warrenton and meeting my boy. I knew he would return with old Mark—that he would come here; so here I planned to meet him. And I had another reason. If I refused to meet him here it would only provoke a curiosity on his part which I might find it difficult to satisfy. So many years had elapsed that I hoped both myself and my innocent boy might have been forgotten."

"Innocent!" repeated Lavinia, in a hissing tone. "Is the lion's whelp innocent because it does not know its full nature? Is the serpent's egg innocent because the monster has not yet burst its bonds? Did you think I could ever look upon that fatally beautiful face of yours and forget the story it tells? I tell thee, Margaret Glendower, it had been better for thee had'st thou been brought into this world with the face of a satyr!"

"Oh! my soul, I know it well!" groaned the miserable woman. "But," she continued, with startling energy, "I have no thought now, but to live in peace and quiet. Give me back my boy, and I will never be seen in England again! Give me my boy—oh, give me my boy!"

"Fool! what know I of your boy? Rest you easy now while we look for him."

"But why am I here? How long shall I stay here?"

"You'll know better when the end comes. But don't be alarmed. If ye keep quiet ye won't have any trouble."

As Lavinia Cleaveland thus spoke she turned away, and passed out from the cell, and having bolted the door behind her, she ascended slowly to the hall above, and sought the apartment where the family stopped. Sir Thomas and his mother were both there, the former pacing the floor, as was his wont when left to his own reflections, while the latter sat by the table poring over her volume of quaint old pictures.

"Have you seen her?" asked the earl, as his grandmother gained her great chair.

"Yes," the old woman answered. "I have looked upon her. She's pale and thin, but she's got the same devilish beauty that she had four-and-twenty years ago."

"Is she beautiful?" asked Annabella, looking up from her book.

"No matter. Attend to your pictures," was the reply of Lavinia, delivered in a harsh tone.

"What a pity," pursued Annabella, without seeming to notice the angry look of her mother, "that she should have been so beautiful. And what a pity it is that hawks should live where doves do. If they should catch him would they hang him, think you?"

"Hang whom?"

"Him that was once a smuggler."

"Idiot!" fairly shrieked the old woman, stamping her foot upon the floor, "hold your tongue! Go to your own room. Go, I say!"

"O—ye needn't be afraid of me, mother. I can look at my pictures, and never hear a word ye say."

"And yet you must go, Annabella. Come—do not oblige me to resort to other means."

Annabella dared not disobey when she received the look which lowered upon her then, and without further remark she arose and left the room.

"You must not be harsh with her," said Sir Thomas, after his mother had gone. "She is not well."

"She's well enough, all but here," returned Lavinia, placing her finger significantly upon her brow; "and I must be stern to make her mind."

"It is strange how this thing should have come upon her," said the earl, half to himself. "Were any of her people ever crazy before her?"

"Not that I know of."

"And how her mind runs upon this pirate. Why is it?"

"If you had put your sword through that pirate's heart ere you brought him here, 'twould have been better," replied the old woman, half angrily. "It must have been the thought of having such a monster beneath our roof that worked upon her nerves."

"But I would not have killed him," said Sir Thomas, "for you know I had work for him to do."

"And that work is done, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Then let him die the moment he comes again within your power. He may be a dangerous man to us after this. Think of the hold he has upon you in the work he has performed at your bidding."

"But you must remember that he dare not betray me. His own life is at stake. In such transactions there is a mutual necessity for good faith and secresy."

"Aye—where other things are equal," returned the lady Lavinia. "But in this case it is not so. Dixon Grunker is an outlaw, and may be apprehended at any moment for crimes committed long ere you knew him. Suppose he should be so apprehended, and should call upon you for help? You see how utterly you would be in his power."

The earl bit his lip, and walked across the floor.

"I understand it," he said. "But never fear. He will land here when he lands, and he shall not live long after it. Leave him to me. And now—if this Mrs. Glendower is disposed of, and I can put the pirate out of the way, what more have we to fear?"

"Nothing."

"Then we need borrow no trouble."

"None at all."

"You will take care of our present prisoner?"

"Leave her wholly to me, Thomas. You have had trouble enough to get her here, and you may rest assured that she shall not give you cause for any more apprehension. I have agents that will quiet her without exposing themselves."

"Then I may be off?"

"Whither?"

"To Sir Roland Dean's. It is time I had commenced my work in that quarter. The lady Emma must have a husband."

"Good," said Lavinia. "The way is clear now, and the sooner you walk in it the better."

So the earl ordered his horse, and was soon on the road to Ravendale.

CHAPTER XV.

A FATAL MEETING.

It was a warm, pleasant day, and as the young earl rode along upon his way he pondered upon the dark work in which he and his grandmother were engaged. There were times when he feared that the whole story was not plainly told to him, and more especially had this been the case since his mother had been shaken in her reason. He had heard strange words drop from her lips, and he had noticed that the lady Lavinia was sometimes more uneasy than there was any apparent cause for. Of late he had entertained a doubt of the old woman's honesty, and he felt sure that she kept some secret from him. If he approached her upon the subject she put him off with the assertion that he was foolish; and, if he addressed his mother, she had no satisfactory answer for him. Sometimes she would wonder that he could for a moment think her capable of deceiving him, or keeping anything from him; while at others she grew restive beneath his questioning, and refused to answer him at all.

He had ridden thus some four miles, and had reached the thickest part of the wood, when he saw Sir Roland approaching him. They both reined up their horses as they met, and when they had exchanged salutations, Sir Thomas remarked.

"We are well met. I was on my way to see you."

"Ah," returned the baronet. "Had I but known it I might have remained at home. Shall we ride back?"

"No, no—there's no need of that, Sir Roland. If I had been so fortunate as to find you at your dwelling I might have stopped awhile; but my business can be done here just as well, and, I doubt not, without the waste of much time. Perhaps you guess what that business is."

"I'm sure I cannot."

Sir Thomas was impressed with the idea that the baronet treated him rather coolly, but as he knew of no reason why it should be so, he tried to think it was not so, but that it was only the man's blunt, plain way.

"Well, sir," he said, "if you can't help me by guessing, I suppose I must let it out."

"The quicker you do so, the quicker I shall understand you," responded the baronet.

"Then here you have it," resumed the earl, with a faint smile, at the same time combing out his horse's mane with his fingers. "You must be aware that I have for some time regarded your daughter with feelings more deep than those of ordinary friendship."

"You do not surprise me by saying so," returned Sir Roland; "though I must say that I had never noticed it."

"Perhaps not, because I have had but little opportunity of showing it. I suppose one of my rank might look higher for a wife, but I am sure I should not find one whom I could love and honor more truly, or who would shed more luster upon the station to which I should raise her."

"Perhaps you are right," returned the baronet, rather dryly.

"I know I am right; and I have made up my mind upon it. So I now ask you for her hand. Now, sir, you understand me most assuredly."

"But," said Sir Roland, without the movement of a muscle that could betray his real feelings, "you and I are but one party in this matter."

"How so?"

"The lady Emma may have an opinion to express."

"But—surely—she would not refuse a coronet."

"Perhaps not, if she loved the donor."

"Do not trifle with me, Sir Roland," cried the earl, with a flush-spot upon his cheek. "I ask you plainly, will you give me the hand of your daughter?"

"I will be frank," replied the baronet. "I cannot."

"Cannot!" repeated Sir Thomas, in utter astonishment. "Do you refuse to Lord Stanbury the hand of your child?"

"I do, sir," was the calm response.

"S'death!" exclaimed the earl, gazing into the face of the man before him. "I can hardly give credit to the evidence of my own ears. Refuse me the hand of your child! And why, sir? Why is this decision?"

"It is enough that I refuse it."

"It is not enough!" cried Sir Thomas, hotly. He could think of no reason why his proposal should be thus met. "I demand to know why you refuse."

"You had better let the matter rest as it is, my lord. I tell you, frankly and plainly, that you cannot have her. What more can you ask?"

"I would ask the reason."

"But you know enough already. Let me advise you to ask no more."

"Perdition seize your advice. Give me your reason!"

The baronet gazed the young earl full in the face, and as he did so his own features showed that he was moved.

"I have reason enough, Thomas Cleaveland," he said, in low, measured tones; "but if other reasons were wanting, your present conduct would be sufficient. However, I will give you a few of the reasons which have influenced me, if you insist upon it."

"I do insist," retorted the young man, scarcely able to restrain his rage.

"Then, first, I cannot give my child to one she both fears and loathes. Second, I could not give her to one who does work in common with thieves and outlaws."

"Ha! Beware, Sir Roland!"

"Third, I cannot give my child to one upon whom a dark crime may rest."

"Hold!" cried the earl, who had turned pale as death. "I will hear no more!"

"Then you should not have asked me to give you my reasons."

"Reasons? They are lies!—lies as black as is the heart of him who speaks them!"

Sir Roland started as though a dagger's point had touched his heart, and instinctively his hand dropped upon his sword-hilt; but by a powerful effort he controlled himself, and finally said—

"It is my turn now to bid you to *beware!*"

"Do you bid me beware?" exclaimed the maddened criminal, grasping his own weapon, and drawing it half way from its scabbard. "Now, by the heavens above me, you shall eat your words, or you shall know that you cannot cast such imputations upon the character of a British nobleman with impunity! Unsay what you have said, or you shall suffer the consequences."

"Fool!" uttered the baronet, contemptuously, "would you force a quarrel?"

"That word has settled your doom!" hissed Sir Thomas, springing from his horse as he spoke, and drawing his sword. "I've borne enough from you. The man who casts a worse than felon stain upon me, and then calls me fool because I resent it, were he king of England, should answer to me at the sword's point, if I could bring him there! There is not room on earth for us both!"

"Hold a moment," returned the baronet, struggling hard to keep his temper. "I have already wounded you more deeply than you seem able to bear, though it was all your own fault. But it will not mend the matter for me to run you through. So put up your sword, and put up your temper with it."

"Boaster! braggart! coward!" yelled the hot-headed earl, stamping violently in his rage. "You dare to insult me, but dare not give me satisfaction. By the powers of all-seeing Heaven, if ye do not come down I'll slay thee where thou sittest."

"Put up your sword," spoke Sir Roland, in a hoarse, unnatural whisper. He would not engage in deadly conflict if he could help it, and yet he could bear no more. Naturally quick and stern in his passion, and possessed of much pride, he could bear but little of impudence or insult.

Lord Stanbury advanced a step, and dealt the baronet a severe blow upon the breast with the flat of his sword, crying out as he did so—

"Now show me if you are a coward!"

This was enough. Sir Roland Dean leaped from his saddle, and drew his sword.

"My lord," he said, while his bulky frame quivered with emotion, "your blood be upon your own head, for as true as God lives, I have not sought this."

"Say no more. Defend yourself!"

"Let us step away from our horses," said Dean with more calmness than before.

"Any way," returned the earl, "so that you let me know when you are ready."

The baronet stepped back to a level spot in the path, and there stopped. He still felt the twinge of the blow he had received, and he had no more thought of parley.

"I am ready," he announced.

"Then look to yourself!" cried the other, with a furious thrust.

Sir Roland parried the stroke, and for some moments acted only on the defensive; but he soon found that his youthful antagonist was becoming dangerous. The earl was maddened almost to frenzy, and his blows were delivered rapidly, and with some show of skill.

"This is foolish," said the baronet, as he struck his antagonist's sword down, and then stepped back a pace.

"Then you're the fool!" retorted Sir Thomas.

"But I would not slay even a fool if I could help it," returned Dean.

"By the gods, I'll not put you to that trouble, thou fat braggart!" cried the mad man, springing again to the conflict.

A few passes had been made, and the baronet was upon the point of slashing his antagonist's sword-arm, when his horse commenced to prance so near him that it caused him to look around. He found the restive animal almost upon him, and as he moved quickly upon one side, he inadvertently allowed the point of his weapon to drop. The earl saw his opportunity in a moment, and without hesitation he took advantage of it. He made a desperate lunge, and his sword passed through Sir Roland's body, cleaving the heart as it went.

"Mercy!" gasped the stricken man, as he staggered back from the fatal blow. "I am gone now!"

He pressed his hand upon the streaming wound, and then tried to see his opponent; but his sight seemed dim and uncertain, for he fixed his eyes upon no point.

"This is the result of your own folly," said the earl, who was considerably cooled by this result.

But the baronet made no reply. He staggered back a pace—then caught himself—and then fell forward upon his face. Sir Thomas hastened to the spot and knelt down, and when he knew that the man was dead, he started up and gazed anxiously about him. There was no living thing in sight save the two horses and the birds that sang amid the spreading branches overhead, nor was the sound of feet to be heard. As soon as he was satisfied that no human eye but his own had seen the deed, he gathered some long grass by the wayside, and having wiped his sword, returned it to its scabbard, he remounted his horse and kept on to the northward for half a mile, when he turned to the left, and at the distance of two miles struck the highway that led from Scarborough to Whitby. By this route he rode on to Ravendale, and when he had entered the broad court and dismounted, he inquired for the baronet.

"He be gone direct to Woldhill, my lord," returned an old servant, who was cutting up meat for half a dozen noble looking hounds that crouched around him.

"Then I have missed him. Had I thought to come through the wood I might have met him. I had business on the road, so I took that route. However—— Get off, you brute!"

"Here, Cedric! Here, Lion! Here, Pluto!"

But the dogs did not seem to be willing to leave the visitor They snuffed up the air about him, and growled with strange intensity.

"Call off your accursed dogs!" cried the earl, who trembled from head to foot.

After much threatening and coaxing the hounds were called back to their keeper, but yet they were not so easily silenced. They crouched down and remained still; but their long, white teeth gleamed savagely beneath their contorted lips, and their growling was deep and portentous.

"What's got into the brutes?" muttered the old man, throwing down a few pieces of meat as he spoke. "I never saw 'em act so before."

"Never mind," returned the earl, who was anxious to get away as soon as possible. "I must return by the highway, as I have business at Salter Gate. Sir Roland may remain at Woldhill until I return; but if he should not, you may tell him that I called, and that I would have ridden home through the wood to meet him had not business called me another way. Bear my best wishes to the Lady Emma, and inform her that I will take some other opportunity to pay my respects in person."

Thus speaking Sir Thomas leaped into his saddle, and rode away. The dogs would have sprung after him, had not the old man exerted all his power to keep them back; and as it was, they sent up a fearful howling, which reverberated among the distant hills long after the visitor had disappeared.

In the meantime the earl dashed away at a swift pace, and without once stopping on the road he reached his own mansion, and having left his horse to find his own way to the stable, he sought his grandmother.

"How?" cried the old woman. "Back so soon? I thought you would have stopped to dinner."

"Where's my mother?" the young man asked, nervously.

"She is in her own room, I expect. She went out just before you came in."

"And we're alone?" he added, casting his eyes over the room.

"Aye—all alone. But why this eagerness, Thomas? Have you seen Sir Roland?"

"Yes—I've seen him."

"And did you ask him for the hand of his child?"

"Yes—I asked him."

"But—you seem excited. He did not refuse you."

"Yes—he refused me."

"How! Refused?"

"Yes. I met him in the wood—in the deep wood, where no eye saw us—and there I asked him. I offered to make his daughter Countess of Stanbury, and he refused me. I asked him his reason, and he said I was a villain, an associate of pirates, and a fool! Aye—he said *fool!*"

"Did he?"

"Yes—and I struck him. Then he leaped from his horse and drew his sword, and we fought."

"You fought?"

"Yes. And I run my sword through his heart, and left him dead upon the greensward!"

"But, Thomas, what will come of this?" cried Lavinia, sorely frightened.

"Nothing evil can come of it," returned the earl, with much assurance. "No one can ever know that I did it—no one saw us two. As soon as he was dead I leaped into my saddle and sought the high-road, and by that way I rode to Ravendale, where I asked to see the baronet. They told me he had gone to Woldhill. Then I explained how I had missed him by coming the other way, and also informed them that I must return by the way of Salter Gate. So they cannot prove the deed upon me."

"And if they did, it would be no crime, Thomas."

"Of course it would not. It was a fair and honorable passage at arms, and he fell. But I must not have my prospects with the Lady Emma blighted. I'll have her if the earth holds together."

"It must be done, if possible," rejoined Lavinia, who suffered no shock from the fatal event which had transpired beyond the danger to themselves which might go with it. "Only think what a property you would own with Woldhill and Ravendale united. By my life, Thomas, you must not lose it."

"I will not. A thought has already come to me which throws a gleam of promise on ahead of this event. The baronet's only brother, Walter, will most assuredly become guardian of Emma. If he does, I can work upon him as I will. I know him well, and have spent many a day and night with him in London. We have more occasion for hope than for alarm at present."

* * * * * * *

Toward noon, as Adam Nolan was on his way to Dame Warrenton's, he found the body of his master, and the horse cropping grass not far off. When he had recovered from the shock which the terrible scene gave him, he lifted the cold corse upon the horse's back, and bore it thus to Ravendale. It was laid upon a couch in the great hall, and ere long the servants were collected about it. Emma heard the confused sound of many voices, and she left her chamber to ascertain the cause. She had been mourning for Julian Glendower, and her cheeks were wet when she came down. She entered the hall, and the servants made way for her.

"It's your father," said the old nurse.

"And is he hurt?"

"*Dead!*" the nurse added.

The maiden repeated the dreadful word, and then moved forward to the side of the couch. She saw the ashen face—the glassy eye—the fearful gouts of blood—and then, without a groan, without even a whispered accent, she sank upon the dead body—sank down as lifeless as was the cold clay whereon she had fallen.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

ON DANCING.

A good man's fortune may be out *at heels*.

Were a book to be written upon the discordant opinions held by different nations, or by the same people at different periods, upon any given subject, none would present a more contradictory estimate, than the harmless recreation of dancing. For some thousand of years, in the early stages of the world, it was exclusively a religious ceremony. The dance of the Jews, established by the Levitical law to be exhibited at their solemn feasts, is, perhaps, the most ancient upon record. The dancing of David is also frequently quoted; and many commentators have thought, that every Psalm was accompanied by a distinct dance. In several of the temples, a stage was specially erected for these exercises; but, in process of time, they seem to have been practised by secular, as well as spiritual performers. The daughters of Shiloh were thus recreating themselves in the vineyards, when they were caught by the young men of the tribe of Benjamin, who presently danced into their good graces, and carried them off for wives—a process, which is frequenty imitated, even in these degenerate days. The heathens, also, could "sport a toe," in the very earliest ages. Pindar calls Apollo "the dancer;" Homer, in one of his hymns, tells us, that this deity capered to the music of his own harp; and from Callimachus we learn, that the Nereides were proficients in this elegant accomplishment, at the early age of nine years. For several centuries, it was confined to military movements, when a battle was a grand *Ballet of Action*, opposing armies became partners in the dance of death, and cut throats and capers with equal assiduity. Since those truculent and operatic days, it has been limited to festive and joyous occasions: but how various the estimation in which it has been held by inconsistent mortals! Socrates, a wise Grecian, took lessons in this art from Aspasia. Cicero, an enlightened Roman, urges the practice of dancing against Galbinius, as a grave and heinous offence. Of the moderns, many hold it an utter abomination to dance upon a Sunday; while others signalize the Sabbath by an increased hilarity of heel. In Germany, a band of enthusiastic damsels formerly testified their devotion to St. Vitus, by dancing round his shrine, until they contracted a malady, which still bears his name: the modern Herrnhuters, of the same district, would suffer martyrdom, rather than heathenize their legs by any similar profanation.

WOMAN.

——"one hand
Was threading lightly through her crisped locks,
The other press'd her bosom—in her eye
Virtue sat throned in sweetness—suddenly
She raised her bright regards on me, and smiled;
Then parting her luxurious lips, she spoke,
And did confess herself *a mere, mere woman.*"

Men rail against women, call them *mutabile genus* with Horace, exclaim with Lord Byron that "treachery is all their trust," or "that they are soon contented to follow the crowd;" yet, in spite of all these objections, the influence of woman remains about the same as it was when Antony lost the world for Cleopatra. Men still shut their eyes against conviction, and walk blindly to their fate—they rail against the faithlessness and the heartlessness of woman one day, and they marry the next. We rather think that the testimony of these gentlemen cannot be relied upon: they are interested witnesses; from them, therefore, we must not inquire the character of woman. To whom therefore shall we resort? To the philosophers? *They* have always been jealous of women, who are their most powerful antagonists, overturning systems with a smile, and destroying the most perfect reasoning with a nod of the head, and *unphilosophising* even the soul of a stoic. Besides, all philosophers call women termagants. Can any of our readers form an idea of a philosopher courting? If then it is so useless to consult the philosophers, shall we get a better answer from the poets? Here the partiality is as great on the other side. What oceans of adulation! There is not a single superlative word of excellence that the poets have not pressed into the service of their mistresses—but of the poets' notions we shall say more anon. Ask the man of the world what he thinks on the subject. He pauses—and you see his head is running on settlements. When the poet calls his mistress heavenly-minded, the prudent worldling says she is a good match; and while the enraptured bard murmurs some impassioned words, about, "the mind, the music breathing from her face," our man of the mart is coolly calculating "$50,000 now, and something more when the old fellow dies."

Now which of these opinions shall we choose? We confess, for our own part, we patronize the poets' both because we believe it to be nearer the truth, and because, even if it were not so, it is by far the pleasantest of the three.

A HOME TRUTH.—Flogging schoolboys may make them *smart*, but then it is in the wrong place. If a boy has intellect, he will get along without the cane. If, on the contrary, he is dull and stupid, pelting him over the head will make him not so ambitious to overcome Algebra, as to overcome the schoolmaster.—Believers in rattan will please notice.

NIGHT AND THE DESERTER.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

I might forget her melting prayer
When wild'ring pleasures madly fly;
But in the still unbroken air
Her gentle tones come stealing by."

The stars again, the scornful stars! Oh, Heaven,
Why let thy cold lights mock a mourner so?
See how they smile—and I am not forgiven—
They smile, *they smile*—and *she* is sleeping low!

In gloom, in dust—the dark, dark eye's glad splendor,
Dim, dim—the lip's warm crimson chill and pale,
The young, pure *heart*—so tried, so true and tender,
In gloom? in dust? it is a fearful tale!

* * * * * *

I, the world's idol, I whose praise is ringing
In princely halls above the banquet-wine,
I, on whose shrine young hearts their loves are flinging—
Hearts? *Hers* is dust—and what is earth to mine?

What chills me thus? Ay, this magnolia blossom,
Given by a fair hand in yon bower's dim light—
Like one she prest to her impassioned bosom,
Pledge of the faith—*I* broke! that fatal night.

* * * * * *

I, the world's idol—wherefore do I shiver?
Is not the flush of praises burning yet?
Why gaze I wildly on this lovely river?
They won *her* from its wave—why not forget?

* * * * * *

Sweet air of night, why is your calmness fearful?
Far skies, why should your silence madden me?
Most splendid stars, how can your spell be tearful?
Winds, do ye truly whisper:—Where is she?

Loved one and lost forever, ay, *forever*—
Years, years ye will not bring her love again—
In time—oh, in—*eternity* I'll never
Gaze on her once—I know my tears are vain.

Is there no peace? Father, heart-broken, lonely,
Bowed with remorse I ask Thee to forgive—
Yes, there is peace—and thou, my God, thou only
Canst bid the dying to look up and live.

THE MORMON'S CHILDREN.

BY THE LAST ONE.

Our mother seemed weary one day. I remember she scarcely smiled or spoke from morning till night. It made the day seem dreary and preternaturally long to have that usually so cheerful and smiling mother go about the house in such a slow and silent way. I was hardly three years old then; but my memory always was remarkable. Sometimes, it seems to me, that I can recollect before I was born—and there is no doubt, no vagueness, about my reminiscence of that day. Many times during its progress did I endeavor with infantile wiles to draw upon myself my mother's attention. Once, while she was gone from the room for a few moments, I climbed upon the bed which stood in the corner, and, stretching myself upon my back, folded my hands upon my breast and shut my eyes as tightly as I could, trying to look as a little playmate of mine had looked when I had seen her a short time before in her coffin.

But my mother did not regard me; and when I became sure, by peeping through my eyelashes, that her attention was too deeply devoted to other things to heed me, I crept softly down to the floor. I know that my little heart was heavy all day; and when it began to grow dark I went and leaned my head against my mother's lap and wept bitterly. She placed her hand upon my head and stroked my hair softly, saying gently but in an absent sort of tone:

"Don't cry, baby, don't cry. There is nothing in the world worth crying for."

She did not take me up; and when I sank to sleep that night it was not, as usual, in my mother's arms. The next morning I was aroused by a loud and lamentable cry.

"Oh! mother, mother, mother, why did you die?" shrieked my sister; and my brother sobbed bitterly beside her.

"Ma! ma! mother! where is she?" I cried, hastily jumping from my low bed.

Marianna, my sister, took me by the hand and dragged, rather than led me into the adjoining chamber, where was our mother lying cold in death.

While we all stood weeping and lamenting over her, our father called out from below—"Clare! Clare! Clare!" Then *he* did not know that she was dead. "Marianna!" next he called; and my sister ran hastily down, Ernest and myself following. "Hasn't your mother got over her tantrums yet?" said my father, as Marianna appeared before him.

"Mother is *dead!*" cried Marianna, with a renewed burst of anguish. "Oh, father, what has killed her?"

"Dead! Surely the child is crazed."

My father looked white with horror, and made but few steps up stairs.

We heard him groan and then he uttered, "Clare, poor Clare!" in a gentle and sorrowful voice.

When he came down his eyes were red, his manner full of uncertainty and trouble.

"What made her die, father?" again questioned my sister.

"I'm sure, my child, I cannot tell. I don't understand women. Your mother got mad at me yesterday morning, because I told her that I had taken another wife. She talked in a very disrespectful way; and I finally ordered her to stop. I told her plainly that if she wished to retain my affection she must not say such things to me, for I would not allow it. I said I should go and stay altogether with Abigail until she became good-natured again, when I should think just as much of her as ever I did. What she has died for I'm sure I don't know."

"I shouldn't think you'd be able to understand it," said Marianna, bitterly. Although but fourteen years old, she had an instinct in her young heart that now taught her much of the cruel truth. "Father, you are a murderer. *You* have killed my mother. Oh! my poor, poor mother—my poor, dear, murdered mother."

Thus wailed Marianna, and Ernest and I added our outcries to hers. Father made no answer, but soon left the house. In about an hour he returned, bringing with him Abigail, whom he had married.

"Help Marianna about what needs to be done," he said to his new wife, and then departed.

"You touch a thing about my mother, or her room, *if you dare!*" said my sister, furiously, when Abigail attempted to do as she had been ordered.

The girl, a pale and slender orphan-girl that we had known ever since we entered Utah Territory, more than a year previous, and one whom my mother had pitied and loved, drew back in affright.

"I did not mean to offend you," she said, gently and humbly.

"Oh! no—of course not. You didn't mean to marry father, either, did you? you mean, hateful thing! But perhaps you wanted mother, who was always your friend, to die. Who knows but what you killed her!" went on Marianna, growing more and more exasperated at her who had been the cause of so much trouble.

Poor Abigail could not endure this, and she broke out into heartfelt lamentations.

"Your father said that your mother would rather he should have me than any one else," she said at last. "He said that he had made up his mind to take another wife, and that he loved me better than anybody but your mother, and he knew that she and I loved each other and should get along very happily. Oh! he made me believe that it was all right and would be all for the best; and somehow I never could help loving him, he is so handsome, and was always so good and kind to me; but I wish now that I'd never seen him. I've a great mind to go and drown myself before he comes home."

My sister's tender feelings began to move in behalf of the unhappy girl, in whom she now saw but a new victim to her father's wicked belief.

"No, don't hurt yourself. You have a right to father now. Love him if you can. *I* never shall. I'll try and treat you well, but you must not touch my mother; and I wish you would go out of my sight while I am here with her."

Abigail withdrew weeping. I remember how my poor sister arrayed our mother for the grave. She had no help save such as Earnest could render, but never was there a lovelier corpse than that of our mother. There were roses in her hair and on her breast. The look of pain had all passed from her fair young features, (our mother was hardly thirty years old when she died,) and she seemed more like a sleeping bride than like one who had died heart-broken. Father would not look upon her after he had seen her on the morning of her death. He never mentioned her name from that day forward. He treated us children with considerable kindness for several years; but as for poor Abigail, it was not long before he found that his heart was quite large enough to take into its affections another wife, and then another, and another. He did not stop until his wives numbered ten. When the first rival entered Abigail's home, she came crying piteously to Marianna, to make her complaint.

Now it was that my sister, with a touch of the old resentment, said,

"Well, miss, now you see how good it is to have your husband taken from you."

"It is all true; but, oh! Marianna, there is trouble near at hand for you. Your father has had an offer for you, and if he accepts it you will have to become the second wife of Herman Gray."

The face of my sister blanched to a deadly white, and then it grew burning red, and the little figure, not yet fifteen years of age, drew up to its utmost hight, and the tiny fist was shaken in the air, while through her teeth Marianna said—

"Never! I will die first."

But the trial did not come then. Herman was not able to purchase so beautiful a girl as my sweet sister was growing.

Abigail told her soon afterwards that my father had expressed his intention of keeping Marianna unmarried until the holy Brigham himself should behold her.

"Then I'll take care to be as big a fright as possible when he looks at me," was my sister's reply to this interesting information.

Abigail and we children were become fast friends and mutual comforters now. She was a kind, truthful, affectionate soul, very winning and interesting in all her ways, and when once we had gained our own consent to loving her at all we loved her very dearly. I do not remember that my father was ever harsh to her. He always seemed fond of her, and to confide in her. When he was sick, too, or in any kind of trouble, it was Abigail only that he wanted with him. And yet he would cut her to the heart by taking to wife any woman that he fancied either for her beauty or for *her stout and strong frame*—for my father secured farm-workers by marrying not by hiring them. Abigail he never allowed to go into the fields to labor any more than he did Marianna and myself. We constituted the gentility of his family; and to our number were added, transiently, such of his new wives as he particularly fancied, or desired to use for pets and playthings for a while. Of course we did not particularly relish these acquisitions to our circle, but what can't be cured must be endured, and we learned to bear it with composure. Usually it was not long before the new bride would be dismissed to out of door privileges; once in a while one would die; but in one instance my father caught a Tartar, who was not so easily disposed of.

She was a tall, full-breasted, and superb creature—beautiful beyond all description, and just as ugly and hateful as she was beautiful.

Marianna even never dared to give her one word of impudence. She came sweeping into our parlor the first time we saw her, with father following meekly behind.

The first thing she did was to turn my sister out of her chair, and the next to order Abigail to give her's to father. Then the two sat down close together, taking no further notice of any of us; and Zaide—for so was the stranger named—leaned towards my father, and laying her head on his breast, looked smilingly up in his eyes, saying, as she slowly raised her jeweled hand to his head—"I am very tired, my dearest, and am glad we are at home. Do you love me, my handsome husband?"

"Do I. How can you ask me such a question?" replied my father in the low and labored tones of intense emotion.

"Then send all these people from the room."

We were all sent out, and we saw neither bride nor bridegroom again that day. Abigail cried all the afternoon, and all the evening; and, for all that I know, all night. The next day she was sick abed all day. Well, this Jezebel reigned triumphant for a whole year. She hated Abigail with the most bitter hatred, because instinctively she felt that there was in my father's heart much respect and tenderness for her. Every way that she could think of she worked to cause her victim to be sent into the fields to labor, and when she found that it was useless to hope for *that* she tormented her all the more in the house.

"Zaide is the most hateful wretch that ever lived," said Ernest energetically. For this exercise of the right of speech father flogged him severely.

Zaide taunted the boy with this, which only made him hate her more deeply than ever. The shameless woman took from us all of our own mother's valuables—her clothes, her jewels, her books, and her silver plate; and when we tried to regain at least a part of it she accused us to our father of being thieves. She declared to him that there was not one of us who would not lie and steal whenever we chose. This was not very agreeable to father, who desired that we might grow up with some few good principles. We three were all the children he had living. To be sure in the three and a half years since our mother's death there had been many children born unto him, but they lived but a short time.

Of Ernest father was especially proud; and truly the boy was one fitted to cause the breast of a parent to swell with emotions of grateful pride.

"Oh!" said Marianna. "Oh! to think that, perhaps, he may become such a man as father."

"But I never will," quoth my noble brother. "Just as soon as I am large enough I shall take you and Ada, and we will run away from this horrid place, back to our dear New England home where our mother's relatives are. We will tell them all about this wicked way of living, and I know that they will take care of us and never let us come back here any more."

The next day a fresh quarrel broke out between Zaide and Ernest, and neither Abigail nor Marianna were able to quell the boy's passion. Father was gone away, and there was no one who could enforce peace. Zaide had teased and abused the boy beyond all endurance, and now he declared that if she did'nt clear right out of his father's house he'd kill her as dead as a dead dog; and he'd make the dogs eat her too, as they did Jazebel.

Zaide had an iron bar in her great strong hand, and when Ernest made a rush at her to try and push her from the house she gave him a blow on the head which laid him quivering and insensible at her feet. Then she marched off to her room.

When father returned that afternoon it was to find Abigail, my sister, and myself, weeping over our dying Ernest.

"Who has done this?" said our horror-stricken father, gazing upon the ghastly face and open, rolling eyes in which was no more sight.

"Zaide—she has killed him," cried Marianna. "She struck him, and split his head open with that iron bar"—pointing to the weapon which the murderess had left lying upon a chair.

"Where is she?" My father's voice was low. Those ominous low tones that precede the tempest.

"In her chamber," was replied; and with the iron in his hand the vengeful man strode out of our sight.

"Is he going to kill her?" I whispered, fearfully—pulling my pale sister's gown.

"I don't care," said Marianna; "it will be good enough for her if he does."

The gasping of our brother grew momentarily more feeble. A doctor—two of them, had been with him, but they had forbidden us to hope.

Father had been gone from the death chamber about two minutes, when we were startled by sounds which drew us to the door.

He had procured a whip, and having in some way managed to tie up the mouth of Zaide he had led her to the front door of the house, and there, holding both her hands in one of his, he was administering reproof and correction. Whipping her unmercifully over her bare arms and shoulders—"Now go to the field, and remain there. Your lodging is henceforth to be in the field-camp. Let me ever catch you near the house again and *this* is nothing to what you shall receive. Go"—and he gave her a vident push, which sent her stumbling to the fields

This treatment effectually broke the spirit of Zaide—we were annoyed by her no more.

When he had thus summarily dealt with her, my father came and sat down by the side of his dying boy. He said nothing, but we saw tears falling swiftly to the floor. I think now that he was consciously tasting the bitterness of the foul system to which he had become a convert. But if repentance touched his heart a moment it did not long endure, for our father did not change his course. Ernest died, and was buried by his mother's side. Oh! *they* had gained a secure shelter from the world of life, but Marianna and I remained.

When my sister was about eighteen years of age, and in the full flush of girlish beauty, Brigham Young saw her. He at once demanded her of my father, who pretended to consent, but who really did not intend to allow himself the honor of becoming father-in-law to the great ruler. Brigham did not think it necessary always to even pretend to pay for his wives; and when he did agree to do so he seldom, if ever, fulfilled his agreement.

My father had other views for Marianna.

"Oh, Marianna!" cried Abigail to my sister, as she met her one day, "your fate is sealed now. Your father has sold you for a very large sum to Dumas Pelico, the man who has been so insolent about staring at you so many times. Do you remember him?"

"Yes," gasped my poor sister.

"*Sold*, did you say? Is it already done?"

"Yes, dear. Your father told me so to-day, and said that I must tell you, and make you put on your best looks, for the man is coming to see you to-night."

"The *monster!* He is a demon and not a man! Will he take me when he has already five wives? I heard some one say that Pelico had five wives, and that he whips them all. And has my *father* sold me to this wretch? Oh, Abigail, can it be possible?"

"You forget, Marianna, that your father does the same thing. He buys other men's daughters, and of course he will sell his own. He thinks it is a very good match for you. He says the man is a thousand times more agreeable than Brigham; and he is rich besides. He has promised to keep you easily, and do all that he can to make you happy."

"I will see how much he will do to make me happy," said Marianna.

When she met the man she tried to suppress all outward signs of the loathing which she felt. She wept before him, and in gentle, maidenly words besought him that he would not force her away from her father's home. But the fair girl's distress only increased his desire to get her into his own power. He had not intended to take her with him at once, but after having seen her, and spoken with her, he decided that she must return with him that very night. He did not, however, say so at once, but laughing a little at her earnest plea, and lifting her hand to his lips, he said:

"My dear, little innocent, do you imagine that your father would refund the price which I paid for you if I were to yield to your whim?"

Marianna turned very pale at this question. She knew that her father would not refund it. She saw that her doom was sealed.

She kept silence so long that Dumas wondered what she was thinking of. He attempted to embrace her; but she sprang from him shuddering, and rushed to the door. Her father at that moment opened it to enter. The poor girl darted past him, and up stairs to Abigail.

"Oh, kill me! kill me! Abigail," she cried. "Never let them tear me from you alive!"

"You must try to feel more resigned, my dear. You must try to love the man. It must be horrible to have to marry a man one don't love!" and Abigail shuddered as violently almost as did my poor sister.

Meantime Dumas was making known his desire to take Marianna with him that night. My father, fearing that Brigham might send for her, consented, on condition that Dumas should allow himself to be charged with abduction, in order to break the force of Brigham's anger against himself. All was arranged in a few minutes; and then father came up for Marianna. She clung frantically to Abigail, and it was only by force that she could be removed.

"I hate you, I hate you," she cried to Dumas, and was fairly convulsed when he touched her. Her shrieks and ravings were agonizing to hear. The sound of them will never leave my ears. Dumas gained her indeed, but it was a sorry triumph that he had, for it was but a raving maniac that he carried to his home. My poor sister was not one who could be ruled by force. He could do nothing with her. She resisted his slightest approach; she would not speak a pleasant word to him. If he tried to subdue her by severity she only raved the more; if he tried to coax her she was no more to be won. My father called to see them the next day, but he did not feel like staying long. Marianna had been violently insane all night; and when she saw father she cried out to him that he was her mother's murderer, and that the life of her brother, and also her own life, would be required at his hands.

"Do the best with her that you can," said my father to Dumas, as he departed. "She always was a self-willed and high-strung piece; but I must confess, I had no idea of this."

Dumas was gloomy enough over his bargain, but for some reason he forbore to reproach my father with the high price he had paid for a troublesome article.

Poor Marianna was deeply drugged at last; and when she was allowed to escape from this influence, and to go in and out as she chose, she walked out one evening about dusk, and was not seen again until her body was discovered in a pond at some distance from any house. My wretched sister had chosen to end her sorrows by suicide.

I was now the last remaining child of my mother. Hitherto no personal trouble had befallen me. I had been kindly treated by everybody. But I was now verging towards womanhood, and Abigail warned me that the wolf was on my track—that my father was about to sell me to a villanous old wretch who already had eight wives. But before his scheme was carried out, my father suddenly died—poisoned, as we all thought, by Zaide, who had never forgiven the disgrace inflicted upon her.

Abigail and I then resolved to escape, which we finally did, after many trials, and reached our dear New England home. My mother's relatives received me with love and blessings; and with them I hope to spend my days in Christian happiness and civilized comfort.

KISSING.

Humid seal of soft affection,
Tend'rest pledge of future bliss,
Dearest tie of young connexion,
Love's first snow-drop—Virgin Kiss!

When Wesley was once reproached for the application of some popular tune to a sacred hymn, he replied, that surely they would not have him leave all the good music to the devil! In the spirit of this great man it might be recommended that, if there be a giddy vagrant abroad, corrupted in his time by evil communication, with some touch of virtue in his nature, and once the friend and companion of all the gentle deities that strewed the path of matrimony with flowers, it should be attempted to recall him to the circle of his ancient friends. We know not but that, by the force of example and timely admonitions, the conversion of that gay prodigal—the Kiss—may be compassed; and if his immediate recantation be a blessing not to be expected, at least we are not precluded from venturing to put him upon reflection, and awaken him to a useful sense of his danger, by briefly calling to his mind the leading events of his past career.

Kissing was an act of religion in ancient Rome. The nearest friend of a dying person performed the rite of receiving his soul by a kiss, supposing that it escaped through his lips at the moment of expiration. Spenser, in his Pastoral Elegy on the Death of Sir Philip Sidney, mentions it as a circumstance which renders the loss of his illustrious friend more to be lamented, that—

"None was nigh, his eye-lids up to close,
And *kiss his lips.*"

A little after, he introduces the lady, "the dearest love" of the deceased, weeping over him:

"She with *sweet kisses sucked the wasting breath*
Out of his lips, like lilies pale and soft."

The sacredness of the kiss was inviolable amongst the Romans for a long time. At length it was degraded into a current form of salutation. Pliny ascribes the introduction of the custom to the degeneracy of the Roman ladies, who, in violation of the hereditary delicacy of the females of Rome, descended to the indulgence of wine. Kissing was resorted to by those gentle, "good easy" husbands (who knew better than to risk the tumbling of the house about their ears), as the most effectual and courteous process to ascertain the quality of their wives' stolen libations; and Cato the Elder recommends the plan to the serious attention of all careful heads of families. The kiss was, in process of time, diffused generally as a form of salutation in Rome, where men testified their regard and the warmth of their welcome for each other, chiefly by the number of their kisses.

It was allowed sometimes, in the case of an inferior to one above him, to kiss the right hand—a custom which is remarkably recognized to this day amongst the Spaniards in their letters. Amongst the early Christians, the kiss of peace was a sacred ceremony, observed upon their most solemn occasions. It was called *signaculum orationis*—the seal of prayer; and was a symbol of that mutual forgiveness and reconciliation which the Church required, as an essential condition, before any one was admitted to the sacraments. The Roman civilians, at length, took the kiss under their protection. Their code has defined, with exquisite accuracy, the nature, limits, incidents, &c., of the *Right of Kissing:* although we do not find that this sort of property holds a place amongst the incorporeal hereditaments of our own laws. The kiss had all the virtue of a bond, granted as a seal to the ceremony of betrothing; and if the husband elect broke the engagement, repenting of what he had done, he surrendered a moiety of the presents received in the ceremony of betrothing, in consequence of the violence done to the modesty of the lady by a kiss!

In much later times the kiss was esteemed to be a ceremony of particular obligation, as could be shewn in a thousand instances. The gentle Julia, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," after exchanging a ring with her lover, completes the contract by a kiss.

"JULIA.—And seal the bargain with a *holy kiss.*"

The same lady seems to entertain a high estimate of the efficacy of a kiss; for in the throes of her remorse, a little before, for having torn into fragments the love-letter of Proteus, she hits upon the following expedient:

"JULIA.—I'll *kiss* each several paper for amends."

Not satisfied, however, with this act of compunction, and opining that a kiss is the "sovereignest thing on earth for an inward bruise," she thus apostrophizes her absent lover:

"My bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd,
And thus I search it with a *sovereign kiss.*"

Nor ought we to be surprised at the veneration which has been universally allowed to the ceremony of kissing, when we remember the important functions which devolve upon the lips in the economy of the human face. It is true they have not been thought worthy of a place in coats of armor, like the eyes, or raised to a level with the nose and ears, which have, ere now, been the objects of much costly decoration: but they form that privileged feature which represents, in their turn, the three most ennobling gifts of our nature—prophecy, poetry, and eloquence. The words "his *lips* were touched with fire," familiarly express the power of prophecy.

It would be an useless piece of industry to collect here the thousand elaborate and ingenious things which poets old and young, ancient and modern, have wrought into the description of a kiss. The choice of all the sweet-scented flowers, and the most approved juices, whether for their gratefulness to the taste or the smell, have been from time to time defrauded of their exquisite properties in favor of some particular class of kisses, to which the following one I suppose belongs:

"'Tis every aromatic breeze
Wafted from Afric's spicy trees,
'Tis honey from the osier hive,
Which chemist bees with care derive,
From all the newly open'd flowers."

It is no unfavorable step towards the acquisition of better habits in future, that the kiss has been emancipated from the iron dominion of the law. The gallant, gay creation of France has done this for the world; but, as it will be the case in revolutions of all kinds, the advantage of the change has been hurt by some abuses. The ingenious Montaigne indeed deeply deplores the diffusion of the spirit of kissing in France, because he thinks the prevalence of that custom takes away from the grace and favor of a kiss, and complains of the hard fate to which ladies are exposed, in being obliged to lend their lips to every one with the appearance of a gentleman. "As for our parts," he adds, "we are no gainers by it, for, taking the sex in general, for three pretty girls we must kiss fifty ugly ones, and to a squeamish stomach like mine, a bad kiss will not compensate for a good one." The last instance in which the kiss formed the subject of serious regulation belongs to a barbarous people. The Empress Catherine of Russia instituted assemblies of men and women to promote the cultivation of polite manners. Among the rules for maintaining the decency of those assemblies, she directed that "no gentleman should force a kiss from, or strike a woman in the assembly, under pain of exclusion."

PET WOLVES, FAWNS, &c.

The Missouri boatmen must always have a pet or two on board, and I got into the way of keeping them when I commanded steamboats there. But I need not say that the practice began with me there; for, while I was a boy in Connecticut, I often used to go to school with a flying-squirrel in my bosom and a tame bird on my shoulder. In a Missouri boat a bear, a wolf or a fawn will often be met with; and the sailors will deny themselves privileges, to procure for them what they think they like, and are ready to fight in their defense, or to expose themselves to drowning to save their lives. But such pets are always, first or last, the causes or occasions of some inconvenience or vexation, which counterbalances the amusement they afford. A deer is capable of doing things of which they would never be suspected by one unacquainted with their whole nature; and a wolf, after being domesticated to the utmost degree, will sooner or later show that his nature is unchanged, and that he is a wolf still.

I shot an old wolf one day, in the western part of Missouri, which had five cubs. I took home one of them, and he lived about the house for months, without offending any of the rules of good manners. After a time I took him to the Eastern States, where he was joyfully received in the family of a friend, and for some weeks made himself an agreeable inmate. But one morning I was called from my room by loud cries from all the family. Hurrying below, I found the master of the house on one table, his wife on another, and the children on shelves and in cupboards, all in the greatest terror and confusion, while my wolf had free range about the floor, and was running about, snarling and snapping at them in succession. At the first sound of my voice he stopped and sunk down, crouching like a whipped dog, and then crawled up towards me, looking at me with the most pitiable expression imaginable, and then licking my feet. I did all I could to persuade my friend that this was a very rare case; that it was the first with that animal, and that he had had no worse end in view than to give them a little fright. I indeed persuaded him to keep the animal longer for the amusement of his children, and to verify my declarations; but it was not very long after my departure that I heard the wolf had repeated the same trick, and been shot by his master.

A fawn, although so graceful and beautiful an animal, and apparently so kind and innocent, is even more full of disagreeable tricks, when domesticated, than a wolf or a bear. If a fawn is kept as a pet on board a steamboat, not a boat can leave it, but he will jump into it if he can. If he falls into the water in the attempt, he will be very likely to swim after it, and dexterously throw himself into the boat, and then leap and jump about in such a manner, as to produce confusion. A man can hardly manage an oar, or keep his seat on the thwart. Sometimes most ludicrous scenes occur from the strange tricks of this graceful and sprightly animal, on land as well as on the water. Fawns have a remarkable fondness for beds; and, on every occasion, when allowed, will spring upon them, and trample, and lie down, as if delighted with their softness. I was one morning lying asleep in my room, when a servant accidentally left the door open, and my pet fawn came in and jumped upon me. His sharp hoofs hurt me, so that the pain instantly woke me, and I made an effort to rise before I stopped to see what was the matter. But the little animal had thrown his body across my own, in such a manner that I could not easily raise him, being impeded by the bed clothes. His sharp hoofs continued to stick into my flesh, and I suffered an amount of pain and trouble from the pestilent little fellow, both then and for some time after, which I once should have thought impossible to be inflicted by so gentle and innocent looking a creature.

T. D.

A DESPICABLE TRAIT.

There is, we fear, a certain malignity in human nature, which derives gratification from depreciating whatever is great and exalted above the common standard. Hence it is that living excellence has always to encounter such a host of detractors, who deny its existence, as long as denial is possible, equivocate when they can no longer deny, and, if shamed at last into a tardy acknowledgment, take care to season their recognition with some qualifying clause, that shall furnish a future opportunity of again reducing the object of their jealousy to the same level with themselves.

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE PROGRESSIVE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

There is an irresistible power in the present age, which crushes error and absurdity wherever it comes in contact with them. And it is no longer sneered at as innovation, but is received and respected as true progress. The spread of thought and the practical intercourse of nations, are the greatest hobby-destroyers ever invented. Even the Turk catches the infection, and is ambitious to share in the general uprising. As rapidly as man has discovered individual rights and comforts, tyranny and exclusiveness have ceased. The influence of civilization is more formidable than towers and Armadas, for in piercing to the cottage of the rustic it teaches him that these machineries of oppression are his enemies, however much they may aggrandize the nation to which he belongs. They may defend him against an outward foe, but at the same time they will turn within and trample out his substance and life, if the need be.

The most beautiful thing in the spirit of the age, is the individual discernment everywhere manifested; it has abolished the phrase "poor devils," for comparatively there are no longer any such. Man and his wants are the touch-stone of modern philosophy—the old *regime* recognized nothing but the nation, and chiefly its head at that. As the circle of light widens, the conformity of thought, customs and habits, grow more general, and the world understands and enjoys itself in proportion. Strange how progress has made itself felt, where caste and creed were the strongest. Yankee clocks in England and Yankee ice and ready-made shirts in India and China, are simple but expressive signs of what humanity is coming to. Even Rome, the old "mistress of the world," has dropped her ancient time tables and adopted the common European measure—the public clock. Thus do the nations assimilate.

We had before us not long since a copy of the "Roman Advertizer," a weekly journal published in English, in the "Eternal City." The prediction of such a fact a century ago, would have fallen as a fable on the ear. On the "Seven hills" the cradle and grave of the Cæsars, whose ancient bulletins were scrolled on parchment or written with Prætorian swords, who so impious as to have prophecied the regular issue of a newspaper printed in the language of a race once the barbarous vassals of Rome. But thus it is. The glorious progressive spirit of our age, whose mightiest agents are Saxon language and enterprise, aims at conquests grander than those of the Cæsars. Mocking Alpine barriers, it bridges the Pontine marshes and thunders its voice at the very gates of the Vatican. God speed so beneficent a spirit, and may its triumphs cease not until universal man is illumined and rejoiced thereby.

DWARFS!

The world is full of dwarfs—mental and moral dwarfs. Yes, even in this, the freest country beneath the sun, we meet them at every turn. With all our present means of intellectual and moral development, the dwarfs of society are many and painful to look upon! And they are oftenest such by no fault of their own. Born under auspices the most unfavorable, with stars of evil omen lighting their advent—their childhood passed in narrow, ill-ventilated homes, amid filth and crime, and all manner of evil communications—with nothing to call out the higher and holier aspirations of the mind and the heart, but with everything to repress and deaden them, while causing natural instincts within to grow into outward forms of monstrosity—what could be expected but dwarfing of the worst sort?

Now and then, we encounter a great soul which has been developed to what it is, in spite of many drawbacks, such as we have been describing. But, in struggling up from adversity, as they have done, unaided, these present exceptions which only prove the general rule under whose workings the dwarfs in mind and soul have been made.

It is a deep reproach to the age, with all the immense resources around us, and our beautiful theory of equality of birthright to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, that these dwarfs mar the panorama of social life. There should be educational arrangements, in the widest sense of the word, whereby opportunities for fullest development of mind and heart, as well as of body, would be actually afforded to every child of Humanity. There should be no such thing as a dwarf for lack of these!

MARRYING TITLES.

Shall we ever have done with humbug counts and barons, and their intrigues with foolish girls and stupid mammas? Too many of our "native born independent freewomen" are mad for titular distinction. Oscillate a bogus escutcheon before their eyes, and they are at once enchanted, and can be led anywhere and into anything by the audacious charmer. We do not pity any intelligent daughter or mother who bites at these gilded baits, and gets caught by a disreputable adventurer. They ought to know better.

WEBSTER AND JEFFERSON'S OPINION.

Perhaps the names of Webster and Jefferson, more than any others in our history, stand out as the representatives of principles which have divided political parties in this country. Neither was ever accused of religious bigotry; one of them, indeed, has been claimed as the adherent of skeptical opinions. The views of such men in great moral or religious questions must be deemed impartial, and should have influence with all classes. They may, at least, serve to moderate the heat of those who affect great sympathy for "the poor," while they denounce "the poor man's day," and all who befriend it.

In a letter written from Marshfield, June 15, 1852, to Prof. Pease, the great statesman adds to his own views some reminiscences of historic interest respecting an interview with Mr. Jefferson, for which our readers will thank us.

"The Sabbath school," writes Mr. Webster, "is one of the great institutions of the day. It leads our youth in the path of truth and morality, and makes them good men and useful citizens. As a school of religious instruction it is of inestimable value; as a civil institution it is priceless, and has done more to preserve our liberties than grave statesmen and armed soldiers. Let it then be fostered and preserved until the end of time!

"I once defended a man charged with the awful crime of murder. At the conclusion of the trial, I asked him what could induce him to stain his hands with the blood of a fellow-being. Turning his bloodshot eyes full upon me, he replied, in a voice of despair, 'Mr. Webster, *in my youth I spent the holy Sabbath in evil amusements, instead of frequenting the house of prayer and praise.*' Could we go back to the early years of hardened criminals, I believe, yes, firmly believe that their first departure from the path of morality was when they abandoned the Sabbath-school, and their crimes might thus be traced back to the neglect of youthful religious instruction.

"Many years ago I spent a Sabbath with Thomas Jefferson, at his residence in Virginia. It was in the month of June, and the weather was delightful. While engaged in discussing the beauties of the Bible, the sound of a bell broke upon our ears, when, turning to the sage of Monticello, I remarked, 'How sweetly, how very sweetly sounds that Sabbath bell!' The distinguished statesman for a moment seemed lost in thought, and then replied, 'Yes, my dear Webster—yes; *it melts the heart, it calms our passions, and makes us boys again.*' Here I observed that man was only an animal formed for religious worship, and that, notwithstanding all the sophistry of Epicurus, Lucretius and Voltaire, the Scriptures stood upon a rock as firm, as immovable as truth itself. That man, in his purer, loftier breathings, turned the mental eyes toward immortality, and that the poet only echoed the general sentiment of our nature in saying that 'the soul, secure in her existence, smiles at the drawn dagger, and defies the point.'

"Mr. Jefferson fully concurred in this opinion, and observed that the tendency of the American mind was in a different direction, and that Sunday-schools presented the only legitimate means, under the Constitution, of avoiding the rock on which the French republic was wrecked. 'Burke,' said he, 'never uttered a more important truth than when he exclaimed that "a religious education was a cheap defense of nations." Raikes,' said Mr. Jefferson, 'has done more for our country than the present generation will acknowledge. I am considered by many, Mr. Webster, to have little religion, but now is not the time to correct errors of this sort. *I have always said, and always will say, that the studious perusal of the sacred volume will make better citizens, better fathers and betier husbands.*' I then turned to Jeremiah (there was a fine folio of the Scriptures before me of 1458), and read aloud some of those sublime passages that used to delight me on my father's knee. But I fear, my dear friend, I shall tire you with my prolix account of what was a pleasant Sabbath, spent in the company of one who has filled a very large space in our political and literary annals."

THE WORSHIPERS OF VERTUMNUS.

The Romans, before their conversion to Christianity, and while yet blindly wedded to their pagan superstitions, had in their mythological calendar a divinity whom they called Vertumnus. They so named him because he was imagined to be the god of change—from their verb, *verto*, which meant "to change." This single attribute gave him all his attractions, and the oftener he changed his own form the more graceful they fancied him to have become!

Silly as these heathenish fancies were, and ready as we moderns are to sneer at them, what better are the masses of mankind, now, practically considered? We fear they have nothing to boast of in this respect. "Change" seems to be the order of the day. It is being written, constantly, on almost everything around us. Especially is this the case in this country. Think of the customs and habits of our grand-parents, and then of our own. Behold the modern built dwelling, as it stands beside the "old house." Contrast, in the same way, the old warehouses and workshops with the new ones. Nay, contrast the furniture, or the tools, found in them respectively, to say nothing of labor-saving machinery. What words, but "change—wondrous change!" rush to the lips for utterance!

Then, again, look at our fashions! Who can contemplate their rapidity of change, without coming to the conclusion that the worshipers of Vertumnus, fools though they be, are not all dead yet! No devotee, among the pagans of either Greece or Rome, ever could have shown a more enthusiastic interest at his mind-and-soul debasing shrine than thousands of our people, now-a-days, do at the shrine of the insatiable goddess of Fashion.

THE EAR.

We hear much of the tongue. It has long been proverbial to stigmatise it as "the unruly member." The evils, which its improper use have begotten, have formed the theme of many a satire; while litigation has received a large portion of its pabulum from the same source, as the slander suits on thousands of court-dockets painfully bear witness. And Gossip, meanwhile, busy in the diabolical employment of said "unruly member" to the utter destruction of social peace, is swelling the record of the evils of the tongue.

But, while this is all true of the tongue, people seem to overlook the mischief which an unruly ear is capable of doing. Negative though its office be, this is enormous, as a moment's reflection will show. For, without the ear of the willing listener to either gossip or slander, those evils would speedily decrease, if not disappear. A learned and able divine has pointedly said that it is in vain we essay to govern the tongues of others till we have first learned to govern our own ears!

The ear may be said to hold the same relation to the tongue that the soil does to the seed. If there be no soil to receive them, even the sower of tares can do little or no harm. So, if there were no evil ears open, slander could not do half the mischief it now does in the world.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

NUMBER I.

Prior to visiting Blackwell's Island last week, my ideas of that place were very forlorn and small-pox-y. It makes very little difference, to be sure, to a man, or a woman, shut up in a cell eight feet by four, how lovely are the out-door surroundings; how blue the river that plashes against the garden wall below, flecked with white sails, and alive with gay pleasure-seekers, whose merry laugh has no monotone of sadness, that the convict wears the badge of degradation; and yet after all, one involuntarily says to oneself, so instinctively do we turn to the cheerful side, I am glad they are located on this lovely island. Do you shrug your shoulders, Sir Cynic, and number over the crimes they have committed? Are *your* crimes against society less, that they are written down only in God's book of remembrance? Are *you* less guilty that you have been politic enough to commit only those that a short-sighted, unequal, human law sanctions? Shall I pity these poor wrecks of humanity less, because they are so recklessly self-wrecked? because they turn away from my pity? Before I come to this, I must know, as their Maker knows, what evil influences have encircled their cradles. How many times when their stomachs have been empty, some full-fed, whining disciple, has presented them with a Bible or a Tract, saying, Be ye warmed and filled. I must know how often when their feet have tried to climb the narrow, up-hill path of right, the eyes that have watched, have watched only for their halting; never noting, as God notes, the steps that did *not* slip—never holding out the strong right hand of help when the devil with a full larder was tugging furiously at their skirts to pull them backward;—but only saying—"I told you so," when he, laughing at your pharasaical stupidity, succeeded.

I must go a great way back of those hard, defiant faces, where hate of their kind seems indelibly burnt in;—back—back—to the soft blue sky of infancy, overclouded before the little one had strength to contend with the flashing lightning and pealing thunder of misfortune and poverty which stunned and blinded his moral perceptions. I cannot see that mournful procession of men, filing off into those dark cells, none too dark, none too narrow, alas! to admit troops of devils, without wishing that some white-winged angel might enter too; and when their shining eye-balls peer at my retreating figure through the gratings, my heart shrieks out in its pain—oh! believe that there is pity here—only pity;—and I hate the bolts and bars, and I say this is *not* the way to make bad men good; or, at least if it be, these convicts should not, when discharged, be thrust out loose into the world with empty pockets, and a bad name, to earn a speedy "through-ticket" back again. I say, if this *be* the way, let humanity not stop here, but take one noble step forward, and when she knocks off the convict's fetters, and lands him on the opposite shore, let her not turn her back and leave him there as if her duty were done; but let her *there* erect a noble institution where he can find a *kind* welcome and *instant* employment; before temptation joining hands with his necessities, plunge him again headlong into the gulf of sin.

And here seems to me to be the loose screw in all these institutions; admirably managed as many of them are, according to the prevalent ideas on the subject. You may tell me that I am a woman, and know nothing about it; and I tell you that I *want* to know. I tell you, that I don't believe the way to restore a man's lost self-respect, is to degrade him before his fellow-creatures; to brand him, and chain him, and poke him up to show his points, like a hyena in a menagerie. No wonder that he growls at you, and grows vicious; no wonder that he eats the food you thrust between the bars of his cage with gnashing teeth, and a vow to take it out of the world somehow, when he gets out; no wonder that he thinks the Bible you place in his cell a humbug, and God a myth. I would have you startle up his self-respect by placing him in a position to show that you trusted him; I would have you give him something to hold in charge, for which he is in honor responsible; appeal to his *better* feelings, or if they smolder almost to extinction, fan them into a flame for him out of that remnant of God's image which the vilest can never wholly destroy. *Anything but shutting a man up with hell in his heart to make him good.* The devils may well chuckle at it. And above all—tear down that taunting inscription over the prison-hall door at Blackwell's Island—"The way of transgressors is hard"—and place instead of it, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

FANNY FERN.

BURYING ALIVE.

Too much caution cannot be exercised in the burial of persons who do not exhibit unmistakeable signs of death. A woman, not long ago, was buried alive in a small village in the northern part of Alabama. A vault was recently opened in Vienna, in which the body of a rich man, supposed to be dead, had been deposited fifteen years before, when to the horror of the spectators the coffin was discovered to be broken open, and the skeleton of the deceased was found lying at the foot of the stairs leading out of the vault. The miserable man had been buried in a trance, and on coming to his senses had broken open his coffin and crawled to the steps to get out. Who can imagine the agony he suffered in that horrid prison before death came to his release?

LABOR SCORNERS.

Only fools and drones scorn and condemn labor—fools and drones, whose daily livelihood is a swindle upon brave and ungrudging toil. The dwelling of the nabob, the food, raiment, and all surroundings by which he goes forth to play his shallow game of dazzle, are the fruit and creation of labor. Let the tailor, the shoemaker and the hatter, the farmer, artizan, mechanic and worker of every kind, say to the labor-scorner, "We will serve thee no more," and what would be his fate? Either to toil honestly to clothe, feed, and shelter himself, or be driven forth naked like the savage, to make his burrow amongst the beasts of the earth.

THE PEOPLES' ENEMIES.

Kings and conquerors are but puppets around whom intoxicated, foolish and mad peoples, in moments of forgetfulness of their higher calling, sometimes dance to the music of deadly ringing steel, smearing their hands and brows with the blood of their brothers. All robbers, and tyrants, and taskmen—among whom most kings and conquerors may be counted—what are they, when the mad war-dances of peoples subside? A curse, a derision, a bitter memory in the hearts of men! There is no sovereignty, nor royalty, nor nobility, save with the peoples, and kings and tyrants are their enemies.

OUR COUNTRY.

A RETROSPECT AND A CONTRAST.

BY REV. DR. PROUDFIT, OF RUTGERS COLLEGE.

On the 4th of July, 1776, our country consisted of thirteen colonies. She now numbers thirty-two (bating the formalities of introduction, thirty-four) sovereign and independent, but *United* States. The *surface of territory* owned by the colonies, including Maine and Vermont, contained about 389,641 square miles; it now approaches to nearly 3,000,000, an area which exceeds all Europe by about 500,000 square miles. In other words, the *excess* of the territory of the United States over that of Europe is about equal to *the whole original territory* of the colonies. The *population* of the colonies was then about 3,000,000; that of the United States is now about 27,000,000. Our *foreign commerce* then exhibited an annual exportation of $7,161,534, and an annual importation of $8,907,372. Now our exports exceed an average of $220,000,000 a year, and our imports an average of $200,000,000.

But the growth of our country in all the elements of greatness, wonderful as it is, and without any parallel in history, is not so surprising, all things considered, as the *stability of our institutions*. Count de Montalembert, an eloquent writer and eminent statesman of France, says, in a recent work, "I am not a very old man, yet I have lived to witness *ten revolutions* in my native country." The revolution which established American liberty was the first and the last which our country has seen. Through the stormy conflicts of party; through the fermentation attendant on the incorporation of the largest foreign element by far which any nation has ever absorbed; through the excitement of political and social questions more deeply agitating than any that have previously endangered the integrity of any people; through a half century which will always be memorable as the *Age of Revolutions*, our liberty and our union have stood intact—not even our tranquility has been extensively disturbed. Within that time almost every throne in Europe has been shaken down, almost every free State has been overpowered or revolutionized. Through all this tempestuous era the American Republic has stood conspicuous no less for its immovable solidity, than for its rapid and resistless expansion.

Young and free America has recently kept her eighty-second birth-day. None of her older sisters in the family of republics has attained even to that age in the possession of uninterrupted liberty. The institutions of Solon made Athens an oligarchy rather than a republic; yet they were overthrown within his own lifetime by the tyranny of Pisistratus. The freedom won from that dynasty by the swords of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, after a fitful existence of about a century, disappeared in the tremendous despotism of the Thirty Tyrants, which, as Xenophon says, shed more Athenian blood in eight years than the Peloponnesian war did in thirty. Thrasybulus again achieved the liberation of his country, but in much less than a century after, Athens was a dependence of Macedonia, and not long after went down with all Greece into the vortex of Roman power. Rome herself told the birth-days of her freedom from the expulsion of the kings and the establishment of the consular government, though it was, in fact, rather a modified aristocracy than a republic, the consuls being eligible only from the patrician order. Yet, such as it was, it had not stood ten years when it was found necessary to resort to a dictatorship—in other words, *a temporary despotism*, voluntarily invoked by the popular consciousness as the only remedy from perils which threatened the life of the State from within or from without. And the frequent resort to this desperate expedient, even during the best days of the republic, showed how ill-poised were the elements of Roman freedom. These were the Free States of antiquity. They gloried in the exclusive possession of liberty and law, and pitied or despised the rest of mankind as barbarians or slaves. Yet the freest and best periods of their history present a rapid succession of bloody revolutions. Convulsed by frequent changes, decimated and exhausted by incessant wars, liberty was with them rather a brilliant distinction than a solid good; it earned them a glorious name in history rather than a tranquil and happy existence. Even during the short periods in which they enjoyed it, it is true, their progress, compared with that of the nations around them, was sufficient to show *the astonishing influence of freedom in developing the energies and resources of a people.* It fully established the truth, so important in its influence on the later history of the world, that *liberty is the life of nations.* But the beautiful bloom of that life was all they were permitted to enjoy. Shaken off by fierce internal strifes or foreign wars, its blossoms were never allowed to come to ripe fruit.

A similar history was predicted for our country. A short career and terrible catastrophe would, it was confidently foretold, assimilate our history to that of all earlier nations who had attempted to govern themselves by elected magistrates and popular institutions. Democracies, it was said, have within them no principle of permanency. All history has shown it. America cannot prove an exception. She cannot secure that obedience to law which is essential to a strong and enduring commonwealth. She cannot maintain religion. She cannot carry out an effective system of popular education. Her freedom will degenerate into wild anarchy. Her industrial spirit into sordid materialism. She will become a nation of shop-keepers. She will become a nation of atheists. Even should she survive all other perils, that loose and anomalous confederacy which she calls her Union must inevitably be snapped asunder by the antipathies of party or the waning interests of different sections of her vast territory. Such was the strain in which political seers of all grades, from Dr. Johnson down to Mrs. Trollope, sung our fates. Even the wise and the good, including those who were deeply interested in our success, were not without their fears. * * * * * * * * * *

These forebodings, whether prompted by friendly anxiety or malicious hope, have not been fulfilled. America contains the best educated, the most intelligent and *reading* population on earth. By her voluntary and cheerful contributions she has supported religion more munificently than any monarchy of the old world. She has even done more (England alone excepted) to send it to distant nations than all the rest of the world put together. Her millions of free citizens attend its ministrations with a spontaneous reverence which makes soldiers or gens-d'armes unnecessary. Law holds a surer and stronger sway here than in any other land which the sun looks upon. *The largest empire and the smallest standing army* is a combination which shows the existence of a moral cohesion superseding material force. The Union grows stronger with every decade. Every occasion which calls forth a genuine expression of popular feeling attests its increasing strength. Virginia asks for the remains of a President of the United States born on her soil. A splendid regiment of New York youth solicit the privilege of conveying them at their own expense. They are received with a general outburst of popular affection and enthusiasm. One of their number dies. His remains are attended to his native city by a guard of honor of Virginians. These are not the signs of decaying affection between the different portions of our country. They are not the evidences of a laxation of the bonds of the Union. * * * * * * * *

Such is the contrast between the history of our country thus far, and all other free States, whether of ancient or modern times. *Eighty-two years of freedom without revolution*, during which all the elements of national power and greatness have been multiplied almost, if not quite, tenfold—such is the retrospect which meets the eye as we look back from the eighty-second anniversary of our freedom.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

THE pleasures of the ear are the most spiritual of all enjoyments, the least sensual of the senses. Where can our sensibilities receive such an exquisite cultivation and impart such a hallowing character to delight, as amid the various and beautiful harmonies of nature, the vocal fields, the rustling woods, the deep-voiced and sonorous sea! Let each of these pleasant sounds, as it falls upon the drum of the ear, be as a *reveille* calling upon our thoughts to rise heavenward upon the symphonious air. No wonder that the deaf are often morose and dejected, while the blind, though shut out from the world, almost invariably draw in cheerfulness through the ear.

IT is not a less destructive infatuation to flee good as an evil than to follow evil as a good—to shun philosophy as folly than to pursue folly as philosophy—to be surfeited by the voracious credulities of blind confidence, than to be starved by the barren perplexities of doubt.

BOYS are like vinegar; when there is much *mother* in them they are always sharp. But we are afraid it may be said of some boys that, from having too much mother in them, they are too sour

IN Iowa, the other day, a brute of a man kicked his wife. The indignant neighbors assembled and made a jackass kick *him*. The wife was kicked by much the baser beast of the two.

SOME men, ambitious of peculiarity, seem to think that they must do everything as nobody else does it. Such fellows will boil their sherbet, and put ice in their coffee.

A WRITER, who has just returned from China, says that the most useful crop raised by the Chinese is peas. The Celestials appear to be a prudent people—they *mind their peas and their cues.*

TWO classes of people are always out of debt—those who never want to buy what they have not money in hand to pay for, and those who are such notorious rascals that they can't get trusted.

ALTHOUGH the word "ovation" seems derived from the Latin *ova*, an egg, we hardly suppose that a mob, who pelt a poor fellow with eggs, can properly be said to give him an *ovation.*

WE are no great admirers of pets. We have an old maiden acquaintance who sits twelve hours in the day with a green parrot upon her shoulders. We don't much like such *Poll-bearers.*

A FAT candidate for office in Alabama, who is said to weigh three hundred and seventy-five pounds, asks the people of his district to try him. Are they tallow-chandlers?

WHEN the conquered happen to become in their turn the conquerors, it is not the persecution that has been crushed, but the persecutors that have been changed.

"MY native city has treated me badly," said a drunken vagabond, "but I love her still." "Probably," replied a gentleman, "her *still* is all that you do love."

IT is said that a Yankee baker has invented a new kind of yeast, which makes bread so light that a pound of it weighs only eight ounces.

SOMEBODY says there are two kinds of family jars: in one you put your sweetmeats, and in the other you put—your foot.

WE might as well expect the elastic muscularity of a gladiator without training as the vigorous intellect of a Newton without toil.

AN Illinois editor says that his soul is harrowed. The labor is thrown away. The soil is not worth cultivating.

LAST evening we chanced to see a pair of interesting lovers kissing at an open lattice. Young people! that was very improper lattice-work.

DOUBT is at once the richest and the poorest of potentates, for he has locked up immense wealth in his treasury, but he cannot find the key.

WE may concede any man a right without doing any man a wrong; but we can favor no one without injuring some one.

AN author, ridiculing the idea of ghosts, asks, how a dead man can get into a locked room. Probably he enters with a skeleton-key.

MY dear wife, I wish you would try to keep your temper. My dear husband, I wish you would try to get rid of yours.

"I SEE, Madam, that the fools are not all dead yet." "If they were, sir, you would not be alive to tell it."

UNANIMITY is not in itself a good. Men may be all agreed in error, and in that case unanimity is an evil.

IF twelve dozen make one gross how many will make one grocer?

A LADY is sometimes much struck *with* a man before marriage, and *by* him afterwards.

IT is the last ostrich-feather that breaks the husband's back.

A VOCALIST says he could sing "Way down on old Far River," if he could only get the *pitch.*

CURRENT ITEMS.

A DRUNKEN soldier, in the English army in India, having been confined in the "black hole" for intoxication, felt something crawling over him. Knowing it to be a serpent, and fearing its deadly bite, he kept perfectly still, while the reptile crawled inside of his jacket and coiled himself up for a nap. When the guard came to release him several hours after, the snake, which was a cobra, quickly glided away. The guard noticed, with surprise, that the prisoner's hair had turned white; and he died a few hours after telling his horrid story.

A MAN living in Harrisburg, Penn., who is notorious for his drunkenness, went home one evening not long since, when his wife, whose patience had become exhausted, tied him up in a large sack, and whipped him until he became sober, and then whipped him until he agreed to sign the total abstinence pledge, which he did, as soon as he was let out of the sack.

A BEAUTIFUL boy, about fifteen years of age, was recently playing near Trenton Falls, in New Jersey. There was one place past which it was dangerous for him to go, and his mother, who was near, told him not to go there; but he disobeyed her, and in a few minutes he was in the river and sweeping down over the Falls, where he of course perished.

IT has been discovered that the whole region of the Rocky Mountains north of the 40th parallel, instead of being a sterile region, presenting an almost unbroken ice-field, as has been heretofore supposed, is in reality a fine, fertile country, well watered, and covered with abundant vegetation.

A PARTY of young men who were hunting the Buffalo in north-western Texas, were attacked by several large bulls, and finally by the whole herd, consisting of many hundreds of animals, and had to ride for their lives over twenty miles, before they could throw their pursuers off the track.

A STATE'S PRISON convict, on board a car of the Western Railroad, persisted in smoking, although the other passengers tried to stop him. He was more than a match for them, notwithstanding his manacles. As he would not be allowed to smoke while in prison, he was determined to make the most of the short time allowed him.

A HAIL storm recently occurred at Rockaway, L. I., during which hail stones of such great size fell, that they strewed the yards with the dead bodies of hens, chickens, ducks and poultry generally. Some of the hail stones were as large as a hen's egg.

A FARMER in Indiana recently caught, in large nets, nearly three bushels of grasshoppers on his farm. He then threw them into a large cauldron kettle containing boiling water, and as soon as they were dead fed them to his hogs, which seemed to relish the meal amazingly.

A YOUNG Philadelphian, who had written offensive letters to a young lady of his native city, had the impudence to call upon her at her father's residence, when she stepped out upon the doorstep and gave him a cowhiding.

THE Camanches lately attacked an emigrant train about fifty miles north of Fort Brown, on the Rio Grande, killed two men, and carried off a little girl, leaving five of their own number dead in exchange.

A REMOTE tribe of Indians have been discovered in Australia, who are entirely without hair on their heads or bodies. They must be the famous "rest of mankind" about whom so much was said a few years since.

TWO vessels of 400 tons burthen recently arrived at Liverpool in thirty-two days from Chicago direct, by the way of the lakes and the river St. Lawrence.

A DAIRYMAN in Manchester, N. H., used copper kettles in making his cheese, and the result is that all who eat of it are affected as if by poison.

PLAIN, AT LAST.

BY ALICE CARY.

This life had done its best for me
  The day I took her to my heart;
Then said I, if thy will it be,
  Lord, I am ready to depart.

But Time refused to slip his shears
  Betwixt me and my pretty one;
I looked to her through all my years
  As through a shadow to the Sun.

My soul grew younger in her youth—
  She was my pride, my household light,
And hung upon my age, in truth,
  Like morning on the skirts of night.

I did not mind the dreary shade
  Of wintry weather, all the while
Her lips so prodigally made
  Sunshine about us with their smile.

Twin violets by a shady brook
  Were like her eyes—their beauteousness
Was in a rainy-moonlight look
  Of mingled tears and tenderness.

If care our threshold crossed, she feigned
  A careless mien her truth to prove,
And on my frosty evening rained
  The rosy daybreak of her love.

Her little white hands had a touch
  Pleasant as dew—forgive me thou,
Who think'st I praise her over-much—
  She cannot hear my praises now.

The time of year was come about
  When meadow-flowers hang down their heads;
When birds with singing weary out
  And yellow leaves fill up their beds

Empty of little ones: the grass
  That grew so green above the mold
A month agone, was now, alas,
  Bent down and shaking in the cold.

'Twas dark an hour before the night,
  She said; we threw the sash up wide,
And when in flakes of tender white
  The dull red Sun went down, she died:

And mysteries met in gracious ends—
  Love's sweet confusions, sorrow, pain,—
The blind bad path of sin that bends
  Round obvious goodness—all was plain.

RICHARD HOFFMAN,

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER LXXI.—CONTINUED.

"The Christian prisoner," added the speaker, pausing for an instant opposite the second door. "In ten days the moon will be at its full, and the festival of the goddess; then shall the sacrifice be accomplished."

We scarcely need inform our readers that the captive to whom the hoary bigot referred was no other than their old acquaintance, Caleb, who had fallen into his power on the night he watched the proceedings of the chief Brahmin and Al Moorad in the garden of the temple near Calcutta.

The cell to which Nadir conducted his guests proved to be considerably larger than the rest, and was furnished with a low divan running round three sides of it. Upon this the old man seated himself, and motioned to them to take their places beside him.

The collector muttered something about food, but his request was unheeded, for his host appeared absorbed in prayer. When he had concluded, he clapped his hands thrice, the usual mode of summoning attendants in the East, and a number of priests entered, bearing trays, on which were piled fruits and rice.

During the repast, Nadir sat apart. He was of far too high a caste to risk pollution by partaking of the same food with his confederates. When they had concluded, he commanded the vessels they had eaten from to be broken in his presence.

The collector and the police magistrate were conducted to a place of repose.

"Is this your promise, father?" said Al Moorad, in a reproachful accent, as soon as they were alone.

"What promise?"

"That Lillian should be in my power. Instead of which her accursed countrymen have made themselves masters of the temple. We are, or soon shall be in theirs."

"Youth is impatient," observed the Brahmin, drily.

"And age deceitful," retorted the banker. "Frown as you will; I know that I am in your hands, but I also know that my services are indispensable to the success of the cause you have so much at heart. I am one of the keystones of the great confederacy—the agent of the moneyed interests, who hold the balance of success or failure."

"Am I omnipotent?" demanded the old man, without the slightest indication of passion or resentment. "Can I foretell the hour or the manner in which the goddess will execute her promise, and place the Christian maiden in your power? But that she will execute it, I feel assured; *she is already within her temple.*"

"And her countrymen with her," replied his confederate, impatiently.

"Have we not the means of watching their proceedings?" continued Nadir. "What is to prevent our seizing some favorable occasion, and bearing her to this secure retreat?"

The anger of his guest gradually cooled at this suggestion.

"Accomplish that," he exclaimed, "and, hand and brain—heart and soul—you shall find me devoted to the cause."

"I would rather the motive were a purer one," observed the priest; "but gold is seldom found without alloy—the jewel-cup of Jamseed was not a perfect gem."

"I love!" answered Al Moorad.

"A Christian!" muttered the Brahmin, with a sneer

"Still, I love."

His host repeated the word in a tone of cold disdain.

"I have no sympathy," he added, "with the idle passion; neither can I comprehend the weakness which renders mind the slave of matter. She is a daughter of that race whose arts have uprooted the hundred thrones of India—insulted our faith, destroyed our laws; and yet, because accident has molded her features in a pleasing form, and her skin is fairer than the daughters of the East, you worship her."

"It is my fate," replied Al Moorad, gloomily.

"Say, rather, your frenzy," muttered the old man, bitterly "But I will reason with you on this theme no more. Mariatele will enable her votary to redeem the pledge he has made."

On retiring to the cell Nadir had directed to be prepared for him, the banker recognized, to his surprise and discontent, the sycee or groom formerly in the service of our hero The superstitious reverence of the Hindoo boy for the chief Brahmin had stifled in his breast the sentiment of gratitude, at least for a while, and the old man, pleased with his devotion, had received him into the temple.

"He accuses me of madness," thought Al Moorad, alluding to his host. "His own blind confidence may yet betray us."

For many hours after the successful attempt to take possession of the temple by the 01st, both officers and men were busily occupied in expelling, not only the priestly inmates but every native who had taken shelter within its walls. The victors discovered to their satisfaction, not only that the place was amply supplied with provisions, but with excellent water from several wells cut in the solid rock. Had it been equally well furnished with ammunition and guns of heavy metal, its possessors might have held out against any force the treacherous rajah could bring into the field against them.

As the friends and numerous servitors of the goddess were driven forth, they indulged in impotent curses against the soldiers, who either listened to them with philosophic indifference, or replied by urging their loitering steps with the flat of their sabres.

Whilst the expulsion of the Hindoos was being carried out, Lady Bell and her companions remained seated in the carriage, guarded by half a dozen dismounted troopers and Fred Wharton.

The features of the young officer, though blackened by smoke and exertion, had resumed their usual self-possession; terror and mental agony no longer agitated him, and his voice sounded cheerfully as he congratulated her ladyship and Lillian upon their safety.

"It is safety," replied Lillian, looking round her with a faint smile.

"At least, *for the present*," observed her protectress, with a glance at the cornet, which reminded him of his promise.

"The worst is past now, I trust," he said, in a low tone.

"To be sure it is," exclaimed Mrs. Burke, who during the retreat through the fiery jungle, had maintained the utmost coolness and presence of

THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

mind. "Within good stone walls I have no fear of ten times the number of rebels. Has any one seen the doctor? but I suppose he is looking after our poor, brave, wounded fellows. I wonder if he requires any assistance?"

Hearing that such might be the case, the strong-minded woman leaped lightly from the vehicle in quest of him, pushing her way through the crowd of natives, whom the soldiers were driving to the gate.

The quadrangle and buildings which it inclosed were cleared at last. Not a Hindoo except the prisoner remained. The latter was now led before Sir Charles and the group of officers, who had gathered round the carriage.

The eyes of the Brahmin appeared blood-shot and his countenance haggard, with ill-suppressed rage and mortification.

"The temple is ours," observed the major, with a chuckle of satisfaction, "and your rebel rascal of a rajah disappointed of his prey. I shall live to repay him," he added, "for the hard chase he has given me."

"Threatened men live long."

"Glad to hear it," said Dawlish, who was far from looking on his present position as a satisfactory one.

"Have I not kept faith with you?" demanded the pretended fakir, reproachfully.

"You have."

"Why, then, am I a captive?"

"You are no longer one," replied the colonel, "but at liberty to depart upon the instant. The word of a British officer, once pledged, is inviolable. All I wish to ascertain is whether you will bear a message from me to the miserable rebel, Acbar."

"To the mighty prince whom the gods of India protect!" exclaimed the old man, disdainfully.

"And whom we will hang from the highest tower of this temple," added Plinlimmon, by way of commentary, "should he fall into our hands. England has but one method of dealing with traitors."

"We have already proved her tender mercies," observed the Brahmin, bitterly.

"He is but a tool," said Sir Charles, "in the hands of yet more designing villains. Tell him," he added, "to read the future, in the history of the past. The giant that slept might be taken at disadvantage, but England is now fairly roused. By timely submission he may yet hope to escape with life."

The prisoner replied only by a scornful laugh.

Finding the attenpt to make any impression upon the fanatic useless, the commander of the 01st directed a sergeant and file of men to conduct him to the gate of the temple and set him at liberty. Strange to say, he showed no inclination to depart; but, on the contrary, pleaded hard for permission to remain with his captors, urging as a reason that his countrymen would scorn him for his weakness.

"The shelter of a cell, and a handful of rice, are all I ask," he added.

"He must have a poor idea of the intelligence of Englishmen," observed the colonel, turning to his officers, "to imagine them weak enough to fall into so palpable a snare."

"Should I not be still your captive?" said the fakir.

"But now you were *impatient* to be at liberty."

"That was to try the value of the Christian's word."

"It is stronger even than his patience," exclaimed Sir Charles. "Begone, old hypocrite! tempt not my anger further; we need no spy within our walls—there are traitors enough without them."

At a sign from the commander, the sergeant and men led the Brahmin towards the gates, saw him fairly through, and then closed them behind him.

A shout rose from the soldiers as they saw the last native expelled.

The released prisoner turned and shook his clenched hands menacingly towards the temple.

"Christians!" he exclaimed, with a bitter laugh, "soon shall we meet again."

Day had dawned long before arrangements could be made even for the ladies to retire to rest. After some consultation, the shrine or recess containing the statue of the goddess was decided upon as the securest place, and Rose and the corporal proceeded at once to arrange and make it as comfortable as possible. There Lady Bell and our heroine, worn out with the fatigue and excitement they had endured, retired to snatch a few hours' repose.

The captain's wife and Mrs. Burke made their apartment in one of the adjoining cells.

For several days not the slightest attempt was made on the part of the rebels to disturb the regiment in its new position. Provisions they had in plenty, consisting of rice and meat; the colonel having directed all the cattle, which the natives, with short-sighted policy, had sent for safety to the temple, to be killed and salted.

Meanwhile the rajah was not idle. He perfectly well knew the danger he had incurred, should the British government succeed in re-establishing its former supremacy; but the die was cast; he had compromised himself by a cowardly and treacherous attack upon the Queen's forces, and decided upon following up his treason by a second attempt, which he trusted would prove more successful than the first.

To secure this, he sent out emissaries with a flaming proclamation, describing how he had driven the English from the village, and forced the remnant to take shelter from his victorious arms in the temple of Mariatele; and concluded by calling upon every Hindoo to take arms to avenge the insulted goddess, and fight for his faith and caste.

Many flocked to his standard in consequence of this appeal to the fanaticism of his countrymen, and he soon found himself in a position to attempt the recovery of the sacred edifice by assault; to take it by surprise he well knew to be hopeless—the garrison kept too good a look-out for that.

For more than a week such had been the position of affairs, when one morning at daybreak the sentinel who kept his watch from the same lofty gallery running round the principal dome in which Nadir and Al Moorad had witnessed the conflagration of the jungle, gave an alarm by firing off his carbine—a sign that the enemy were approaching.

In a few minutes every man was at his post.

"But for a single twenty-four pounder!" exclaimed Major Plinlimmon, as he stood watching the dusky columns advancing across the plain.

"It is useless wishing," answered the colonel, with a sigh; "we must depend upon our small arms; and should it come to close quarters, our good swords."

"Surely they will never venture to attack us without artillery," muttered Dawlish.

"It would seem so," said Burke, who had joined the group, and been watching the forces of the rajah with his glass—"no," he added; and there was a slight shade of disappointment in his tone. "They have *two* field-pieces with them. I can discern the bullock-train."

"They *must be* ours," replied the colonel.

"*Certainly*," added Plinlimmon, as if it would prove *the* easiest thing in the world to take them.

"They will take good care, I suspect, not to come within reach of our rifles. The attempt will *be* a dangerous one," observed Burke.

"The greater the honor if it succeeds, doctor," replied Sir Charles Fourreau. "I shall lead the party myself."

"That's hardly fair, colonel."

"Major!"

"You have a wife," whispered Plinlimmon; "now I am one of those useless things called old bachelors. My life is of no value."

The veteran thanked him warmly, but firmly refused to accept his offer, which was the more disinterested, seeing that he who had made it would succeed to the command of the regiment in the event of its colonel falling.

Silently they continued to watch the enemy till they reached the open space of ground between the temple and the jungle, where they formed, and waited till their heavy guns came up.

"Now is the time to attack them," exclaimed the colonel, who had previously given his orders.

A party of three hundred men were already mounted in the quadrangle. The gates were thrown open, and they issued forth.

"Reserve your fire," said the commander, "till within pistol shot; then dash at the field-pieces; capture them if possible, but spike them at all hazards."

The soldiers gave a hearty cheer as they dashed forward to meet the enemy.

CHAPTER LXXII.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE ARTILLERY.

In his impatience to revenge his late defeat and distinguish himself in the eyes of his countrymen by some brilliant act against the English, the rajah had taken the field without waiting the arrival of a large body of sepoys, who were on their way to reinforce him. This *levee* consisted chiefly of undisciplined horsemen, drawn together by the artful promises of the priests or the hope of plunder, and native police—men brave enough in action against thieves and criminals, but totally unaccustomed to act in concert.

"The Christians rush on their destruction," cried Nadir, the chief Brahim, who occupied a conspicuous place in the group of officers near the prince.

"It might have been more certain," observed Acbar, bitterly, "had you consented to discover to us the secret path by which you obtained egress from the temple."

"Your glory in crushing them will be the greater," replied the old man, who felt that it might be anything but politic to afford the speaker, whose ambition was well known to him, the information he sought.

As the compact body of English advanced across the plain, it became evident that their object was the capture of the guns before they could be brought into position. To prevent this, the rajah placed himself at the head of a portion of his cavalry to intercept them.

The shock of the encounter was terrific. Had the numbers of the 01st been anything like a proportion to the rebels, their superiority of weight in men and horses must have given them an easy victory; even as it was it forced the enemy to recoil, like the waves first breaking on some isolated rock, then gradually closing round it.

In a short space of time the little band of heroes were enveloped in a cloud of assailants, who still kept at a respectful distance, receding as the former advanced, not to lessen the space between them, but pouring in vollies the while, which told fearfully on the ranks of the British.

Major Plinlimmon, Wharton, and the remaining officers of the 01st who stood watching the struggle from the walls of the temple, became greatly excited. It was evident that their comrades were in a position of no little danger; and more than once it was debated whether the entire regiment ought not to sally forth and support them. The recollection of the ladies, and what would be their fate in the event of failure, alone restrained them.

"I can look no longer," exclaimed the major, handing the glass to one of his companions. "If the colonel's orders had not been so strict——"

"You must break through them," said a gentle voice near them.

The officers turned and recognized Lady Bell and Lillan. Neither could repress their anxiety whilst one so dear to them was exposing his life in an almost hopeless encounter with the wily enemy.

"What will become of you, should fortune turn against us?" demanded the major.

"We should know how to die," answered the heroic woman, calmly, and at the same time fixing her regards on Wharton. "Haste, gentlemen! bestow not a single thought upon us. The blood of brave men is being shed—uselessly shed; for there are odds against which human courage must succumb."

"By heaven! that was a noble charge," cried the delighted doctor, who had caught up the glass, and been steadily regarding the contest on the open plain.

The struggling band of English had suddenly wheeled round, and cut their way through the body of natives between them and the guns.

"Now," he added, with still greater excitement, "now is the time."

The major hesitated no longer, but directed his remaining men to mount. In an inconceivably brief space of time every soldier was in his saddle, eager to share in the gallant deeds of his comrades—to conquer or die with them.

An old sergeant, with a guard of twenty men, alone remained within the walls to protect the females, and hold the gates against the enemy, should any attempt be made to obtain possession of the temple.

At a terrific pace the gallant fellows dashed through the open portal to the assistance of their countrymen. There was something sublime in the stern expression of each sunburnt countenance when Plinlimmon gave the word to charge. His men fell like an avalanche upon the astonished foe. Riders and horses alike gave way. The 01st poured like a torrent through the ranks of the rebels, who this time did not close around them.

The rajah saw his danger, and, turning from the party under the command of Sir Charles, which he deemed his reserve quite strong enough to deal with, directed his followers to serry their ranks to meet the fresh attack.

To do the rebel leader justice, he showed no want of personal courage, but led them fearlessly to the encounter.

The colonel, who saw the move which had been made to support him, instead of dashing at the guns as Acbar expected, wheeled round with the remnant of his band to attack the natives in the rear.

Acbar began to feel that his position was getting desperate, and galloping his horse at the major, who by this time appeared almost breathless with exertion, would have cut him down, had not a shot from the unerring hand of Wharton shattered his sword arm, and caused the uplifted weapon to fall from his nerveless hand.

The English set up a shout of triumph, and made a desperate effort to capture the fallen rebel leader, in which they must have succeeded, had not his own men,—excited to madness by the fanatical exhortations of the Brahmin Nadir, who, although unarmed, had exposed himself in the deadliest of the fight—closed round him and bore him from the plain.

The contest was now virtually at an end, for the confusion caused by the fall of their leader soon became a panic, and they fled towards the fort. The only body of the enemy that now remained were those surrounding the guns, and they already began to waver.

"I owe you a life, Wharton," said the major, coolly. "I shan't forget the debt."

"You have paid it a hundred times," replied the cornet, "in your gallantry on the field."

"All right!" exclaimed the warm-hearted Welshman; "but we must have those infernal guns. By heavens! they are getting them in position."

Not an instant was to be lost. With unabated courage the 01st formed once more and reached the mound before the gunners could discharge them. In a few minutes every man was sabred, not a rebel remained capable of offering the slightest resistance: all but the wounded and dead had fled.

Then rose a cheer, such as Englishmen alone can give; a cheer which told of victory, hardly and dearly won, for many a brave fellow had purchased it with his life blood.

The dying soldiers faintly joined in, and those whose sands were too nearly run, expired with a smile of proud satisfaction on their grim, sunburnt features, conscious that they had done their duty.

As the cheering cry was repeated a white scarf fluttered in the air from the walls of the temple.

"It was against orders, Colonel Fourreau," said the major, as his commander, covered with dust and blood, rode up to the spot where the last struggle had taken place, but, under the circumstances, I thought——"

Sir Charles cut the speaker short by warmly thanking him for his timely aid, and added that his courage and prompt decision had saved the regiment.

"You are not wounded, I trust?" observed the gratified Plinlimmon.

"Not a scratch," replied the colonel.

"And yet you were in the thickest—hard pounding,—never saw harder in all my experience."

It was no time to bandy compliments. The wounded had still to be removed to the temple, together with the guns so bravely captured, and the ammunition wagons.

This proved to be a task of no small danger, for the rebels, who had partially recovered from their panic, were now forming again under the protection of the fort, whose cannon began to open on the victors.

As the bullocks which drawn them had been slain, a portion of the men dismounted, and attached their own horses to the pieces. The wounded were collected, and the gallant but diminished 01st slowly withdrew from the scene of their hard-won struggle.

As they approached the temple, officers and soldiers recognized the wife of their commander and Lillian on the walls. They remembered the courageous words the former had spoken when urging them to the rescue of their comrades, and saluted them with a shout of triumph.

A brief but heartfelt prayer of gratitude to Him whose will decides the fate of battles rose from the lips of Lady Bell and our heroine, when they beheld Sir Charles advancing at the head of his men, in safety and unwounded.

"Let us descend and meet him," exclaimed Lillian.

Lady Bell needed no second invitation.

A hasty embrace, and a few whispered words of congratulation were all that passed between them when her husband rode into the quadrangle.

"I must see to the accommodation of my brave wounded men," said the baronet, as he gently unloosed the arms of Lillian from his neck. "Burke will find his hands full, I fear."

"We will assist him!" exclaimed both the ladies: "it is but little we can do to prove our gratitude to our brave defenders, but that little shall be done cheerfully."

"It is woman's true mission," observed Sir Charles, as he saw them depart upon their errand of mercy. "Life would be a hard struggle, did not her sweetness temper it."

Not knowing how soon the enemy might venture upon another attack, every man, except the wounded and those who were attending upon them, was speedily engaged in conveying the guns, they had captured at such a fearful expense of life, to the walls, and bringing them in position to bear upon the fort. Their commander, major, and officers, all lent their aid, and in a few hours the pieces were placed.

"I wish," said Plinlimmon, patting one of them affectionately, "that we had half a dozen more like you. Colonel," he added, "it is some years since I quitted the Artillery, but I don't think I have quite forgotten my practice. I should like to try their range."

"As soon as you please, major," replied the baronet.

The largest of the two pieces, a twenty-four pounder, was carefully charged, and the gallant Welshman, having leveled it at a body of the enemy manœuvering in front of the fort, discharged it with his own hand. The ball evidently took effect, for the rebels dispersed in confusion.

"Huzzah!" shouted the major, greatly excited; "they will have tough work to take the temple yet."

The colonel sighed: he thought of the gallant fellows who had fallen.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF LILLIAN.

Worn by the excitement of the day, and still more so by the reaction which followed on the retreat of the enemy, Lillian, Lady Bell and Rose, having assisted Dr. Burke and his courageous little wife in attending on the wounded soldiers, were

about quitting the scene of their charitable labors to snatch a few hours' repose.

As they passed before the pallets of the sufferers, many a half-uttered groan of anguish was suppressed or changed to blessings on their heads. Stern, rough men had felt the hallowing influence of woman's presence and woman's sympathy.

Just as the wife of Mark Rayner reached the door of the temporary hospital, she heard her name pronounced in a tone of mingled energy and despair. It proceeded from her husband's old companion, Sanders, who was dangerously, if not mortally, wounded, for, in addition to a fearful gash on the sword-arm, a musket-ball had penetrated his lungs, and the internal hemorrhage threatened suffocation.

"Don't leave me, Rose," he murmured, as she bent over him; "don't leave me in this horrid place to die alone."

"I will but speak a few words with my lady," replied the kind-hearted woman, forgetting, at the sight of his ghastly features and the agony which distorted them, her own dislike to him, and the evil influence he had exercised over Mark, "and then return."

"*Don't be long, or*—or——"

The fit of coughing which followed, and the rising of the blood in his throat, prevented Sanders from completing the sentence, but the threatening expression of his eyes explained the rest.

In a few minutes Rose returned and seated herself at the side of his pallet. The dying man grasped her hand convulsively, as if to prevent her quitting him.

"You can do him no good," observed the doctor, "by remaining here, and had better follow your mistress. The toil of the day has fatigued you enough already."

"I must have some one to watch by me," said Sanders, speaking with difficulty. "I am choking—choking——"

"One of your comrades can do that."

"I'll have Rose—no one but Rose—or—she knows what I mean. You may stare," added the wounded soldier, "but I am under no command now. I am dying—I feel that I am—I know it."

"Permit me to remain, sir," whispered the woman; "I have a motive."

"Be it as you please," answered Burke; "but I fear that you are taxing yourself beyond your strength."

"You hear what the doctor says," observed Rose, soothingly; "release my hand—you hurt me; besides, I can then attend to you much better."

"And you will not quit me?"

"No; I promise."

Sanders slowly relaxed his grasp, observing, as he did so, that he could trust her word, for she always spoke the truth.

"Would I had done the same!" he added, in a scarcely audible tone; "would I had done the same!"

In the hope of lessening the sufferings of the dying man, Rose directed one of the hospital orderlies to bring her a truss or two of rice straw, and an additional blanket; with these she contrived to make the hard pallet on which he had been placed a little more comfortable, but what afforded him most relief was the propping up of his head and chest. The blood no longer threatened to choke him.

"I can breathe better now," he murmured. "Thank you—thank you!"

For some time the speaker appeared buried in profound reflection, and his nurse, trusting that a sense of the errors of his past life, and the awful account he must soon give before the judgment-seat on high, occupied his thoughts, knelt by his side, and in a low, gentle tone began to pray.

There was little eloquence and still less learning in her supplications, but they were sincere and fervent, strong in their very weakness, and beautiful in their simple, unaffected piety. Such prayers, we are taught, find acceptance more readily than those clothed in the grandeur of high-sounding phrase.

God loves simplicity, and inclines the ear to the heart, not the words of those who address him.

At the sound of her voice the dying man became restless again, and made a faint sign with his hand for her to cease.

"Don't pray," he muttered, "don't pray; it's of no use; there is no forgiveness for a wretch like me."

"There is forgiveness for all," answered the woman, meekly, "who ask it in a humble spirit, and with a contrite heart."

"Ah! but you don't know."

"What?"

"Nothing! nothing!"

Here Sanders pressed his lips firmly together, as if to prevent the words which hovered on them from escaping.

Having, in her simple prayer, spoken of the mercy which the justly offended Creator shows to true repentance, Rose next touched upon the terror of His judgments on the hardened sinner.

The sufferer, as he listened to her, forgot the agony of his wounds—they were lost in the yet deeper pangs of an awakened conscience.

"Shall I read to you?" asked the wife of Mark Rayner, at the same time opening her pocket Bible.

"Not from that book! not from that!" cried Sanders; "it bears witness, terrible witness against me. I will confess all," he added, with a sudden effort; "where is your husband?"

"You know that he is absent on the forlorn hope of conveying tidings of our position to General Anson. I shall never see him again," she added, with a burst of sorrow.

"Gone!" said the dying man; "dead, perhaps—well, well, it could do him no good now."

And he relapsed into his former moody silence.

A hope of she knew not what—a sudden light—flashed upon the devoted Rose.

"Sanders," she exclaimed, kneeling by the side of his pallet, "if you have anything to confess which may clear my husband of the horrid charge which hangs over him—which has driven us both to crime, exiled us from our native country—do not bear the secret with you to the grave. We were children together," she added; "our parents lie side by side in the village churchyard where we have so often played together. Feel for my agony—for Mark's despair."

Tears interrupted her words—she could make no further appeal, but remained with streaming eyes fixed imploringly on those of the dying man.

"What good will it do to confess," replied the man, "since you will never see Mark again?"

"It will clear his good name," sobbed the wife.

"And blacken mine," added Sanders, bitterly. "No, no, they think badly enough of me at St. Faith's already."

It was in vain that Rose entreated him to relent—the fit of short-lived repentance had passed away.

Dr. Burke, who had overheard every word that passed, now approached the bedside of the patient, and placed his finger upon his pulse.

"Sanders," he said, "you have but half an hour to live."

The words were coldly but impressively uttered, and fell upon the ears of the murderer of poor Springthorpe with terrible distinctness.

"It is but a brief space of time," continued the speaker, "to make your peace on high, to atone the errors of a misspent life. Let me warn you not to trifle with it. The judgment which follows death is far more terrible than death itself."

Then fell upon the soul of the guilty man a darkness far more appalling than the shadow of the valley of death—the darkness of despair. Grasping the hand of Rose, he entreated her, with frantic vehemence, to pray for him; then tried to recollect his childhood's prayer; but the believing spirit was for a while denied him.

"I cannot pray," he groaned—"words are denied me."

"And will be till you have made atonement," observed the doctor; "worm—atom—dust, thou canst not wrestle with thy Maker."

"I will confess!" shrieked the affrighted wretch. "I am going: the blood is rising to my throat again. Mark is innocent of the life of Springthorp: mine was the hand that fired the fatal shot."

The devoted, long-enduring wife sank upon her knees in a transport of joy and gratitude.

"Now the secret is out," added the dying man, "don't leave me—pray with me."

"How came a leaf from the Bible Lady Boothroyd had given me to be used as wadding to your gun?" gently inquired Rose.

"Raise me up," said Sanders, faintly. "I may as well tell you everything. You recollect," he added, after his request had been complied with, "that I called at your cottage on New Year's eve?"

"Perfectly well."

"And that you called Mark into your chamber to persuade him not to leave the house with me? That ruffled me. Well, whilst you were speaking with him—I guessed what you were saying—a queer thought came over me. The Evil One put it into my head, I suppose. I saw your Bible lying on the drawers—tore a leaf out of it, and charged my gun."

"That fatal leaf," said Rose, "placed my husband and myself in the power of Lady Boothroyd—compelled us to consent to——"

"Steal Lillian," observed the man. "I know that, too; for I listened at your cottage window, and overheard her threats when she called. After you and your husband quitted St. Faith's," he continued, speaking with increased difficulty, "I could not rest. I fancied every one in the place regarded me suspiciously, so I started for London. The little money I took with me was soon spent; then I enlisted—but you know the rest."

So important did this confession appear to Dr. Burke, that he at once reduced it to writing; and sending for the officer of the guard, caused Sanders to sign it in his presence.

A feeling of calm content and deep thankfulness fell on the heart of the long-suffering wife. The husband of her youth—the being whom she had clung to with woman's faith and love—was cleared of the crime which drove him into exile, and free to revisit once more his native land—to walk erect before his fellow men, nor fear the eye of justice should discover the brand of Cain upon his brow. True, he might not live to return to her, for a thousand perils threatened him in the task he had undertaken; but past mercies bade her look hopefully to the future, and even should he fall, his memory would remain to her pure from the stain of blood.

In the midst of her triumph the grateful woman did not forget the dying sinner by whose side she had promised to remain. Rose prayed with him to the last, and when the spirit fled to its account, a heartfelt prayer for forgiveness accompanied it to the mercy-seat.

It is now time that we return to Lady Bell and Lillian, who had long since retired to the sanctuary, where, overcome with fatigue and excitement, a sweet sleep, accompanied by yet sweeter dreams, came over them; each dreamt of the being dearest to her: the wife of the gallant soldier whom Providence had preserved to her; the fair girl of him to whom she had given her faith—whose manly love was destined to prove the light of her existence.

Little did the orphan imagine when she laid her head upon her pillow, and sank to rest on that unhallowed spot, how terrible would prove her waking hour.

Lady Bell and her adopted child had been sleeping for some time, when a light vapor rose through the perforated stones of the altar, and gradually filled the whole apartment. It evidently possessed some narcotic quality, for as it spread the breath of both became deeper. At last the statue of the goddess slowly moved aside, and the chief Brahmin, followed by two attendants of the temple, emerged from the secret staircase.

The two latter were armed with long knives. Nadir alone was defenceless; his sacerdotal rank prohibited the shedding of blood by his own hands, although he might sanction and even command it in others.

"They sleep," said the old man. "The drug hath wrought its purpose; raise the girl, and bear her to the cavern."

So profound were their slumbers, that neither Lillian nor her protectress felt the rude hands of the midnight ruffians untwine the arms in which they enfolded each other; and it was well they did not, or the lives of both might have been the sacrifice.

Infolding Lillian in a shawl they had brought with them for the purpose, the two servitors bore her silently towards the altar, and finally disappeared with her through the aperture.

The chief Brahmin looked cautiously around him before retreating, and perceived that the gates of the sanctuary were barred inside. With a stealthy step he crept towards them, and drew back the bolt, then retreated by the same path his victim had been conveyed.

"Mariatele," he murmured, as he descended the steps, "hath enabled her minister to redeem his promise."

In a few seconds the statue of the goddess resumed its accustomed place upon the altar, and not a trace of the noctural visitors remained.

When Lady Bell awoke, at a late hour on the following morning, she naturally felt surprised at the absence of her adopted child; but, finding the gates of their retreat unbarred, concluded that the fair girl, unwilling to disturb her, had quitted the sanctuary to visit the wounded men in the hospital alone. Thither she directed her steps, and her first inquiries were for Lillian.

Neither the doctor nor his wife had seen her.

A vague uneasiness, but unaccompanied by a suspicion of treachery, came over her, and calling Rose to accompany her, she proceeded to seek for her through the temple.

As the search proved fruitless, the feeling of uneasiness changed to alarm, and alarm to terror. Not a trace of the lost one could be discovered.

"Gone!" exclaimed the unhappy woman, as she read in the agitated features of her husband that he, too, had been unsuccessful. "My child has been carried from me."

"Do not alarm yourself needlessly, Bell," replied Sir Charles, assuming a confidence he was far from feeling; "every nook shall be explored."

Major Plinlimmon, and the rest of the officers who were unwounded, were roused, and all joined eagerly in seeking the lost girl. Not a nook or cell within the building was left unexplored. Even the wells were examined, to ascertain if she had fallen into one of them; but, we need not say, with the same result.

Men and officers looked inquiringly into each other's faces, as if there to read a clue to the mystery. The feeling of security had vanished; it was evident there was either a traitor amongst them, or that the enemy possessed some means of access to the temple known only to themselves.

The baronet and his wife were bewildered with despair.

"Poor Richard!" murmured the former; "who shall tell him this?"

At the name of his friend, Fred Wharton, who had been one of the most active in the search, could not suppress a groan of anguish.

"There must be treason somewhere," he exclaimed, passionately.

"I will answer for the men as for myself," observed the major. "There is not one of them but would have risked his life a hundred times in her defence. Can't make it out; the mystery is inexplicable."

"You promised, Wharton," said Lady Bell, clasping the young soldier convulsively by the arm, "you pledged your honor that neither Lillian nor myself living should fall into the hands of our enemies. Forgive me," she added, seeing how deeply her words had pained him; "I am unjust—sorrow has made me; but—you will save her—will you not save her?"

"I would give my life to redeem or to avenge her," replied the cornet, energetically. "A moment—only a moment to collect my thoughts," he added. "You both retired at the same hour last night?"

"We did."

"And slept within the sanctuary?"

"Yes."

"Were the gates barred as usual?"

"I closed and fastened them myself," replied her ladyship, "but on my waking found them open."

"Then Lillian must have withdrawn the bolt," observed Sir Charles, "and some infernal treachery has been used to draw her from the place."

By mutual consent the speakers now proceeded to the spot where the lost one had slept. Vainly they examined the walls and pavement of the recess. Not the slightest appearance of any other entrance than the usual one could be discovered. The altar and statue underwent the same scrutiny. Both appeared carved from a single stone, and their enormous weight disarmed suspicion.

"Lost!" murmured Lady Bell, throwing herself with a passionate burst of grief, into the arms of her husband, "lost to us forever!"

"I will not believe it," exclaimed Fred Wharton; "to do so were to doubt the justice of that Providence which watches over the innocent and good. A secret conviction assures me that Lillian will be restored to us, unharmed and pure as her own unsullied thoughts."

Sir Charles Fourrean shook his head mournfully. He could not share the enthusiastic confidence of the young soldier.

The mysterious disappearance of one so generally beloved, dimmed the joy of the hardly won victory. Not a soldier of the gallant and devoted band but regretted the loss, and sympathized with the sorrow of their commander and his noble-hearted wife, who mourned for the helpless girl as deeply as if she had been the offspring of their blood, instead of the child of their adoption.

Poor Rose shared in their affliction. It was a sad blow to her, at the very moment, too, when Providence seemed to have dispelled the cloud which had so long dimmed her happiness. Fortunately, that strong feeling of religion which in every trouble had been her stay, sustained and enabled her to impart consolation where it was most needed.

As for Major Plinlimmon, his wrath knew no bounds. At one moment he suspected the fidelity of his men, the next, declared his firm, unshakeable conviction in their loyalty, and promised more rewards than his patrimony twice told could pay, for the recovery of his favorite Lillian.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

WHICH IS THE HEIRESS?

OR,

HOW FRANK HARRISON WAS WON.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"Harrison," said Judge Parkman, to his young partner, "my wife charged me with a message for you, this morning. Her compliments, and she would be happy to see you this evening. She has two young ladies, from Boston, staying with her, and she looks to you to gallant them about. One of them is an heiress and both are beauties—so there's a pretty good chance for you, Master Frank, for you will be first in the field."

"I shall certainly accept Mrs. Parkman's invitation, and do myself the honor of paying my respects to her this evening," Frank Harrison replied; "but you know, Judge, that I have never yet had time to think of matrimony. I am no fortune-hunter, at any rate, and should be loath to set up any pretensions to the hand of an heiress. But I shall be most happy to pay any attentions in my power, to Mrs. Parkman's guests."

The judge smiled a significant smile that was lost upon Frank Harrison, who had only looked up from the volume of Reports he was reading, to make his little speech, and was immediately absorbed again.

"Well, well," replied the judge, "only come up and we will not consider you pledged to anything. Good-bye, now, and let us see you at the tea-table, at seven o'clock."

Frank was left alone in the office. The business of the day was over, and he had seated himself to indulge in perusing the entertaining volume that lay before him. But somehow, the judge's words had driven all thoughts of "cases" and "precedents," quite out of his mind. With an impatient exclamation he closed the book, and thrust it into its place upon the shelves that contained his ample law-library.

"Here's an evening lost," were his first audible words, "and I had calculated on getting through with so much! But of course, I must go. The judge is my best and truest friend, and Mrs. Parkman has been very kind and civil. But, confound these girls, I say, if I'm to be forced to dance attendance upon them for the next month, or six weeks, or as long as they choose to stay. One of them an heiress, too, so that the commonest civility will seem like a bait thrown out to catch her dollars. I wish I had asked the judge their names, and which has the fortune. But, never mind, I shall be sure to find out that, by the airs she'll put on."

So saying, Mr. Harrison sauntered out upon the village street, and betook himself to his lodgings at the hotel, whence, a little before seven o'clock, he emerged in his grandest toilet, and directed his course toward the mansion of Judge Parkman.

Twilight had fallen when he arrived, and as lights had not yet been brought into the parlor, he did not distinctly discern the faces of the ladies to whom he was presented. But presently, at the brilliantly-lighted table, he found himself seated beside the prettiest little fairy his eyes had ever rested upon. There was something peculiarly delicate, graceful and childlike about Miss Webber and her beauty, that interested him in spite of himself. Her manners, while perfectly composed and ladylike, were yet simple and devoid of any appearance of art. She seemed a creature formed for dependence, to be loved, petted, shielded from all approach of harm, or evil—one to win love by her beauty, and retain it by her sweetness of temper, and her loving ways.

Her companion and friend was essentially different. She was tall, finely formed, with a regal head that sat proudly on the white arched neck that drooped down to the falling shoulders which gleamed snowily through the *fiche* of mist-like lace that shaded them. Her complexion was exquisitely fair, with scarce a rosy tinge even upon the cheeks, her eyes and hair black as night, and her whole appearance most self-centred and commanding. She was dressed in black, and wore no ornament save a diamond broach upon her bosom, where the precious stones flashed and sparkled in the brilliant light. She was introduced to Mr. Harrison as Miss Dorrance, and he set her down at once as the heiress.

"She is beautiful," he said to himself, "but she knows too well the value of herself and her golden charms. Thank goodness, I've no temptation in that direction. I'd rather have this little creature by my side, penniless, than Miss Dorrance with all her wealth."

So Frank devoted himself to "the fairy," as he named her in his own heart, the entire evening, only giving to Miss Dorrance such attention as civility required. Before he took his leave, he began to feel some strange sensations that, all inexperienced as he was, he could hardly help believing, indicated the loss of his heart. He went home in a sort of maze, and dreamed the whole night of blue eyes, and rosy cheeks, and light floating curls, and a little hand that lingered in his own, and a musical voice that kept repeating "dear Frank" until he was in a bewilderment of joy and ecstacy.

"Emma," said Florence Webber to her friend, when they had retired to their room that night, "do you know that Mr. Harrison thinks you the heiress? Mrs. Parkman says so, and the judge says that he did not tell him which of us had the fortune, but that he expressed great fear of appearing in the character of a fortune-hunter, so that from his manner to me he is sure that he has decided that I am not the lady of golden charms. What say you, Emma, did you feel piqued at his want of attention to you?"

"Not in the least," Miss Dorrance answered, haughtily. "I, you know, cannot indulge, if I would, in listening to rhapsodies from penniless young lawyers, who have their fortunes yet to make. Such luxuries only belong to heiresses like yourself;" then seeing that a tear had started in the eye of her friend, she hastily kissed it away, and begged to be forgiven.

"You know I did not mean to hurt you, Flora," she said. "I see you like this Mr. Harrisom, of whom our friends speak so highly, and if I can help you in any way, you know you may command me. Now what can I do, sweet Flo?"

Florence nestled her rosy face, now dyed with blushes, upon the shoulder of her friend, and whispered, with much pretty hesitation, that she had thought of a plan that she was sure was a capital one, but she must have the assistance of her friend and the Parkmans in carrying it out. And so, after much coaxing and assistance, Emma found that the plan was to pass her off as the heiress, during their stay in Hillsdale, and thus give Mr. Harrison an opportunity of showing whether the sudden regard he had manifested for Miss Webber, was disinterested or otherwise.

Miss Dorrance could not enter heartily into a scheme like this. She was a noble, sincere woman, one who scorned deceit in its most harmless forms; but she had promised to aid her friend, who desired only to learn whether she could be loved for herself alone. So she promised to assist in the plot, inwardly pledging herself to reveal it at once if her supposed heiresship should bring admirers to her feet.

The next morning, when Judge Parkman entered the office, he found Frank Harrison seated at his desk, apparently studying the same volume of Law Reports which had occupied his attention on the preceding evening. The judge could not help observing, however, that he seemed more fidgety and inattentive than ever he had seen him before, and was at no loss to guess at the cause. Nor was he surprised when, in the course of the conversation that followed, Frank alluded more than once to the young ladies, and finally spoke of Miss Dorrance as the heiress.

"So," the judge said, laughingly, "you came to that conclusion, did you, Master Frank? She *has* grand ways, that cannot be denied, but not more, perhaps, than one so used to homage would naturally acquire. Nobody, however, could accuse you of bowing at her shrine—you prefer beauty ungilded, eh?"

Frank admitted the fact, and the conversation concluded by an invitation to accompany the ladies in a drive to a neighboring lake, which was a place of much resort, that afternoon.

The invitation was accepted; and so were many more that followed; till it became a matter of course for Frank to spend a portion of every day, and the whole of every evening, in the company of the ladies, at Judge Parkman's, or in their numerous excursions.

But though courteous to all, and never overlooking the claims of any, it was evident to all observers that Miss Webber was the attraction that drew him so constantly into that pleasant circle. He was ever by her side, and never so happy as when bending over her as she sat at the piano, he listened to her sweet, bird-like voice, or strolled with her, her little hand resting upon his arm, a little apart from the gay group, who could not hear the words he bent his tall head to speak, and which called up the flitting blushes to her cheek.

That they were lovers neither themselves nor any one else doubted. And yet Frank delayed to speak. He saw that in all the appointments of Miss Webber's toilet, in the ignorance of all worldly cares she displayed, there was evidence of a luxurious rearing; and he hesitated to ask her to share his fortunes, which were as yet humble, and depended only upon the career which he had marked out for himself, and for which he had high hopes that still awaited their realization.

But Harrison found it difficult to be silent as, day after day, he grew to love, more and more, the sweet girl whose own innocent heart had long been patent to him with all its pure wealth of affection. There came a time when the words that had so long hung upon his lips, would no longer be stayed, and, with a passionate eloquence, borrowed from his struggling emotions, he told the tale of his true and fervent love.

Florence listened in silence; no words passed her pale lips, but her lover looked into her sweet face, and caught the glance of her beautiful eyes, for one moment raised to his, and was answered. He drew her, unresisting, to his heart, and fondly called her his own.

The secret she had kept so faithfully still remained unuttered. Little Florence held her stately lover in no slight awe, and so, not daring to tell him how she had plotted to deceive him, she resolved to entrust the revelation to her good friend and ally, Judge Parkman.

But Miss Dorrance saved the trouble of a formal announcement on the part of Miss Webber or her host. She had, during her visit, found herself beset by the attentions of one whose sole motive, her shrewdness assured her, was to gain her hand as the medium for the possession of her reputed wealth. She had vainly striven, by her haughty manner, to dash his presumptuous hopes, till, on the very day on which Harrison declared himself to Miss Webber, she found that she could no longer avoid an explanation. With her characteristic justice, she resolved to spare him the pain of a refusal, and the mortification of a withdrawal of his suit when he should find that she was not the true heiress. And so, in a few set words, she told him all, and thus had the pleasure of seeing herself forever rid of her discomfitted wooer, who, stammering and hesitating, retired awkwardly as soon as the true state of the case was made apparent.

Both these incidents had occurred during our excursion, and Frank having left Miss Webber at Mrs. Parkman's had returned to his office before the pseudo lover of Miss Dorrance left the house. As this gentleman's way lay past the office, and he saw Frank sitting there in a reverie that seemed very pleasant, he could not resist the inclination to go in and tell him all, garnishing his statement by the expression of a suspicion that there was something wrong about the matter, and that Frank had doubtless been selected as the victim of the deception.

Frank listened, in silence. He felt that he had somehow been deceived, and betrayed into becoming, what he had always deprecated—a fortune-hunter. But the vision of Flora's sweet, innocent face, would rise up before him, and, with all his efforts, he could neither feel indignant nor sorry.

That evening found him again at Judge Parkman's. Florence was not in the parlor, when he entered, but the judge and the ladies pleaded her cause, and their own, so eloquently that he was almost forced to concede that they had acted rightly, and that he was under infinite obligations to them for giving him an opportunity of winning a fortune without knowing it. But the best pleader, after all, was Florence, herself, and when Emma led her in, all trembling, and shy, and tearful, and then withdrew, with her friends, and left the lovers alone, she had no difficulty in making her peace, and persuading her lover to accept the goods the gods had provided for him, when they threw her in his way.

Of course they were married, and of course Frank, being rich, became much more speedily famous than he otherwise would have done. He was very happy, too, and so was little Florence, and I don't think either regretted the little ruse by which he had been won.

Miss Dorrance soon after married one whose lowly fortunes had long prevented him from laying his heart at her feet. Some unexpected turn of fortune had enabled him to marry, and he did not, for his wife's sake, as well as his own, lack the aid which Mr. and Mrs. Harrison could bestow, in furthering his interests. Both families often meet at Judge Parkman's hospitable mansion, and delight to recall the days of that first auspicious visit of the heiress.

WOMAN'S SUPERIORITY IN CONVERSATION.

There are very few men that know how to converse. Women, on the contrary, are always both ready and willing to speak. Women have a most graceful way of talking about nothing, which men, in their wisdom, esteem beneath their powers. The French ladies are pre-eminent in this art; and after them the American ladies hold the most distinguished place. It is absolutely marvelous to listen to two sisters, who have been parted for three weeks, edifying each other with their mutual stores of intelligence, of which their brothers would have disburdened themselves in one-tenth of the time.

But the "railing accusation" brought against women's tongues, and the stupid jokes about their being "hung in the middle and going at both ends," about their being the "only perfect specimen of perpetual motion," &c., &c., are utterly unjust. Is not oratory monopolized by man? Who ever heard of a *lady making a speech?*—unless she belonged to some "new school" or other mysterious and vociferous class of nondescripts. We do not mean to contend from this that our ladies are *speechless;* but we do say it is unfair in a man to attend a public meeting, and tire his auditors to death with a speech of two hours' length, filled with all the common-places of all the common writers of the day, and then to return home and chide his daughter for pouring forth a gay ten minutes' rattle in the overflowing gaiety of her youthful heart. While a man is talking stupid sense, you hear a woman uttering lively nonsense; and the latter commodity is infinitely more estimable in our opinion. On this subject, we may quote four admirable lines in their way:

Hear the pretty ladies talk,
Tittle-tattle, tittle-tattle,
Like their pattens, when they walk,
Piddle-paddle, piddle-paddle.

SALT LAKE AND THE DEAD SEA.

A traveler, who has recently visited the Salt Lake, gives the following facts: "The lake itself is one of the greatest curiosities I ever met with. The water is about one-third salt, yielding that amount on boiling. I bathed in it, and found that I could lay on my back, roll over and over, and even sit up and wash my feet without sinking, such is the strength of the brine; and when I came out I was completely covered with salt, in fine crystals. But the most astonishing thing about it is the fact (as I was informed by the gentleman who was manufacturing salt there at the time), that during the summer season the lake throws on shore abundance of salt, while in the winter season it throws up glauber salts in immense quantities. The reason of this I leave for the scientific to judge, and also what becomes of the enormous amount of fresh water poured into it by three or four large rivers—Jordan, Bear, and Weber—as there is no visible outlet." Our readers will not fail to see in this account several remarkable points of coincidence with Lake Asphaltites, or the Dead Sea: the same density of the water, by which heavy bodies are buoyed up, its extreme saltness, notwithstanding the constant flow into it of fresh water streams, and the absence of any visible outlet.

THE DEFENSE.

BY MARAH.

I felt his strong heart beating,
Firmly and steadily,
"And oh!" I said, with longing,
"Would that you cared for me

"When first you loved me, Angel,
"You did not meet me so—
"Oh! would that *now* you loved me,
"As in the long ago."

"I do," he answered slowly,
Speaking as if in pain,
"You think that all your pleading
"And tears have been in vain.

"You know not how to judge me;
"You are at heart a child."
He turned his eyes upon me,
And sighed, and then he smiled.

"Poor child!" he added, fondly,
His arm about me thrown,
"I care for you and love you
"More than you e'er have known.

"You think me cold and cruel,
"And o'er my hardness weep;
"You load me with reproaches,
"Which banish peace and sleep.

"My child, your eyes are holden;
"You cannot look within,
"Where beats, with force unholy,
"Man's heart of guile and sin.

"Entreat me not to linger—
"Yet, though we bid adieu,
"*Believe* the love I bear you
"Is reverent and true.

"Unclasp these clinging fingers,
"And stay these falling tears—
"Our paths *must* lie asunder,
"Through all our coming years"

What is there left for loving,
Since *he* has left my sight?
My sun went down at morning,
My day has changed to night.

THE CARPENTER'S APPRENTICES.

A STORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Widow Roland stood with her hand upon the head of her boy. He was a bright-eyed, robust, healthy-looking fellow, with a face of marked intelligence, and a genial, good-natured expression of countenance. He had a bundle in his hand, and close by was a small trunk, all lashed up ready for travel.

"Mark," spoke the widow, "you are the only child I have in the world—the only being I have left to whom my hopeful love can cling."

The boy drew more closely to his mother, but did not speak. He hid his face, that she might not see the tears that came to his eyes.

"Thus far, my son," the widow resumed, keeping down her own tears, "I have done for you the best I could. I have taught you what I thought was right, and have been more than repaid by your loving kindness towards me. But now you are going to leave me. It is, perhaps, hard for us to part, but it is for the best good. You must begin to prepare for the business of life, and work out your own support, since the means of supporting us both are not within my reach. Before I bound you to Mr. Hammond, I assured myself that he was an excellent man—a man upright, kind-hearted, and strictly moral. So you will not fail to find a good example in your master. Now, Mark, I have one very important question to ask of you. Do you know what kind of a man you wish to be when you grow up?"

"Yes, mother," the boy replied.

"And what kind is it?"

"A good man."

"And you would be respected, and beloved, and honored by all who know you?" added the mother.

"Yes—yes."

"Then, my child, let this be the rule of your life until that time: If you are ever tempted to take a step not in the ordinary course of your duty, stop and ask yourself this simple question—*Will it help make me what I wish to be?* And then you may ask—Would my mother advise me to do it? I would not have you mean or penurious, but still there is a proper care to be exercised over whatever sums of money may come into your possession. Remember that there are two kinds of pleasure—there is a pleasure which fades away with the excitement which produces it; and there is a pleasure which conduces to our lasting good, and thus remains with us beyond the mere hour of its birth. Do you understand me, my son?"

"Yes, mother."

"Then I shall not fear for my boy."

In a little while the stage rolled up and stopped before the door, and the stout driver put on the trunk and bound it in its place. Mark Roland kissed his mother, received her blessing, heard one short prayer from her lips, and then hurried into the stage, and hid his face away in his hands. Late in the afternoon he reached a large village, and was set down at the door of a fine house. He wondered if he was to live in such a dwelling. It was larger and handsomer than any house in the town whence he had come, and he was beginning to fear that he should never feel at home in such a place, when his meditations were cut short by the appearance of a middle-aged man, who had just come out upon the piazza, and who asked if this was Mark Roland.

Mark recognized Mr. Hammond, as he had seen him at his mother's house once, and he replied that he was the boy. His trunk was carried into the house, and he was then conducted to the dining-room, where the family were just ready to sit down to supper. He was introduced to Mrs. Hammond and to the larger children, and also to two other apprentices, who were about his own age. He could eat but little, so he had more time to look about him, and observe the countenances of those with whom he was to live. He liked the looks of Mrs. Hammond, and he felt sure that she must be kind and affectionate. And then there was a little girl, whom the hostess called Caddy, but whose real name he afterwards found to be Caroline, that he thought he should like very much. She was younger than he was, and a great deal smaller, but she looked good, and kind, and pleasant, and he wondered if she would ever learn to love him as his own sweet sister loved him before she died.

He cast many furtive glances at Mr. Hammond, but he could not tell exactly what to make of him. The man had a very sober look, and at times seemed to be stern; but yet there was nothing unpleasant in his look, and when he spoke, his voice was very kind and considerate in its tones.

When it came bed-time, Mark found that he was to sleep in a room with the other two apprentices. Their names were James Prout and Thomas Wilson. They seemed to be good-natured boys, and our hero thought he should like them very well. But he could not talk much that night, for he thought of his mother—he had never been away from her a night before, and he could think of nothing else. Before he slept, however, he remembered all the instructions he had received, and he pledged himself that he would live up to them—he would be a good man if he lived.

Mr. Hammond's shop was a very large one, and quite a number of hands worked in it. He was the only house-carpenter of any consequence in the place, and he had as much business as he could attend to. Mark soon learned how to use the common tools, and at the end of a week he had the satisfaction of hearing his master praise him for his application and good behavior. As soon as he got over his homesickness, he became very happy in his new home. Mrs. Hammond treated him as though he were a child of her own, and Caddy was not long in loving him as he had hoped she would. He did not then realize how much of this was owing to his own gentleness and faithfulness, though he did know that he had resolved from the first to be all that a faithful boy should be.

At length there came a holiday. There was nothing in particular going on in that village, but then it was a holiday, and the apprentices were allowed to have it to themselves to spend as they pleased, and their employer gave them half a dollar each to use as they might think proper.

"Well, Mark," said James Prout, as soon as they had done breakfast, "what ye goin' to do today?"

"Why," returned Mark, "I thought I should take a walk down by the river this morning, and then come home and go at work."

"What!" cried Tom Wilson, in surprise. "Work on 'Lection Day! Didn't the old man give ye any money?"

"Yes."

"And aren't ye goin' to spend it?"

"Not now," replied Mark. "It's the first money he has given me—the first I have earned at my trade—and I'll keep it for some good purpose."

"Pooh! What d'ye mean by that?" asked James. "You're goin' to commence early to be a miser."

"No, no—not that, James. I do not mean to save this for the mere gratification of having money, but for the purpose of having something on hand in case I may need it. In fact, Jim, you and I, both of us, hope to be men one of these days, and we may want to go into business, and have a good home of our own, and we must have money to do this with. Now we have got to begin to save at some time, and I know of no place so good to begin at as the very beginning of the opportunity."

"That's all very well to talk, but it won't go down," said Thomas. "Come—we'll go to the tavern, and see what's up there, and then go over to the bowling-saloon. We'll have a good time. Come."

"No," returned Mark. "I have no desire to go to either of the places, for I am sure it would do me no good, and I should take no pleasure."

The other apprentices both laughed, and James told him he ought to have been a minister instead of a carpenter.

"A carpenter ought to be a good, upright, virtuous man, and as far as manhood is concerned, a minister can be no more," said Mark, rather promptly.

The boys laughed again, but not quite so forcibly this time, and then went away.

Now it so happened that this conversation had taken place in the sink-room, and as Mrs. Hammond was in an adjoining pantry at work washing the breakfast dishes, she overheard the whole of it, and it was perfectly natural that she should go and tell her husband of it.

In the meantime Mark walked away down by the river, where the spring flowers grew in wild luxuriance, and here he sat down by the water's edge, and reflected upon the occurrences of the morning. He threw a chip into the river, and as he saw it sail away, a lesson was suggested to his mind. How like a human being was that tiny chip, and how like human life the water. The current was fortune, and it must bear a man down to the great ocean if he once gives up to the tide. Was it well to go to the ocean? If not, don't venture upon the river. If it would be well, then take the current, and sail away.

Mark was perfectly satisfied with the course he had pursued, and by-and-by he arose from his seat, and plucked a lot of the sweet flowers that grew about him, which he made into two bouquets, and then he went home. One of the bouquets he gave to Mrs. Hammond, and the other to Caddy. They thanked him very kindly. Caddy gave him a kiss, and he thought that his mistress regarded him with more tenderness than usual. With a light, happy heart he went to the shop, where he found his master.

"What—at work to-day?" asked Mr. Hammond.

"Yes, sir," replied Mark. "I would rather work here than spend my time doing nothing."

"Well, well," rejoined the carpenter, with a look and tone of gratification, "I am glad you feel so, for I have work that I want done, and for what you do to-day I will pay you. I want the rails got out for the doors of Mr. Richardson's house. If I give you the dimensions, do you think you could saw them out and plane them?"

Mark said he would like to try, and he was allowed to do so; and by the middle of the afternoon he had them all done, and had earned a dollar. Mr. Hammond complimented him very highly upon the manner in which the work was done, and told him that he should soon have an opportunity to earn something for himself.

After an early supper Caddy came running out into the yard, and asked Mark if he would not like to go and ride.

"Papa says he would like to have you go. There are two seats in the carriage, you know, and papa and mamma can have one, and you and I can have the other."

At first the boy hesitated; but when he understood that it was his master's wish that he should go, he assented. The carriage was a very easy one, and it was very pleasant to ride by Caddy's side. They rode through a beautiful wood, and around through a fine village which Mark had never before seen, and got home about nine o'clock.

"Well," said Mr. Hammond as Mark started for his chamber, "don't you think you feel as good as you would if you had gone off and spent your money and your time for trifling amusement?"

"O—I feel a great deal better, sir," replied the boy.

"I am glad it is so," added his master. And there the conversation ended.

When the three apprentices had been with their employer a year, he told them that, when his work was so that it could be done, they might have their stents set for them, and he would pay them for all the overwork they could do. They were very much pleased with this, and for some time they were each able to earn from one to two dollars a week.

"What do you do with your money, Mark?" asked James Prout, as the three apprentices came out from supper together one evening.

"I am laying it up," was the answer.

"You never spend a cent with us," said Thomas Wilson.

"Because I have had no occasion to spend any," replied Mark.

"But you'd enjoy a good time as well as any of us, if you'd only think so."

"I do enjoy good times."

"How, I'd like to know."

"Why—in hoping that I may be a man one of these days, and be able to do some good in the world."

"Fol-de-rol-de-diddle-dum!" cried James. "What a pattern you'll make if you grow up."

("He'll make a pattern that you'll live to wish you had copied," said a voice from the wood-shed, but the boys did not hear it.)

"Come," added Tom, "go down to the saloon with us, and let's have a game of ten-pins. What's the use of being so mean with your money?"

"I am not mean with it," replied Mark, rather warmly, for it was not the first time they had made the fling at him. "Tell me when you have spent a penny that was not for your own amusement. When have you laid out a single copper for the good or pleasure of anybody but yourselves? Tell me that."

"Well," returned James, after considerable hesitation, for the question was a knock-down blow to him, "we *do* spend it for our amusement, and that's more than you can say."

"No, no," rejoined Mark; "I can say just that, though I might better use the word happiness than amusement. If I thought I should find more happiness in some other course, I should most certainly pursue it. I would not ask you to spend a penny for my pleasure, nor would I urge you to do anything which I did not think was for your good. You have asked me to go with you to the saloon; now I ask you to go with me to the shop. I am going to earn half-a-dollar to-night."

Tom and Jim laughed at him, and then went off, while he went to the shop and rolled up his sleeves, and set about his work.

Mr. Hammond went into the house and told his wife what he had heard, and then he remarked—

"I am going to give that boy one final trial, and if he proves true in that, he shall have all the care and confidence I could give to a son."

He put on his hat and went out, and when he stopped it was before a small, mean hut at the outskirts of the village, in which lived an old woman named Polly Brun. Mr. Hammond opened the door and went in, and found Polly sitting by her little sheet-iron stove, steeping some herb-tea.

"Ah, Polly, how d'you do?" said the visitor.

"God bless ye, Mr. Hammond, I'm jes' so as I was when I seed ye last."

"Then you're no worse," added the carpenter, taking a seat upon an old chest.

"No, sir," replied the old woman. "While God gives me such noble, generous friends as you are, I can't get much worse and live. Heaven knows what poor Polly would a' done the long winter that's passed if it hadn't been for you, sir."

"I'm glad you are grateful, Polly, for that's a part of the reward I get for doing such things. But I have come on business now. Just listen to me: I have three apprentices—you know them?"

"Yes, sir—I have seen them often."

"Well—I want to try them. They all know you, and they know that you are poor and worthy. They know that you have suffered great misfortunes, and that you are a fit object of charity. Now, will you contrive it for me? Will you try them on the first opportunity, and let me know the result?"

Polly promised that she would, and Mr. Hammond then took his leave.

A few days after this Polly Brun met James Prout and Thomas Wilson in the street. They had done work, and were on their way to find amusement for the evening. She stopped them, and begged for charity. She told her sufferings and her wants, and said that any sum, no matter how small, would help her.

"You must go to somebody that's got more money than we have," said James.

"But a few pence," urged the woman.

"We haven't got it to spare, so don't trouble us."

"Even the money which ye paid for them cigars ye're smokin' would help me more than ye can imagine," pursued Polly.

"And it will help us, too," retorted Tom; and then, with a laugh, he pulled his companion away, and they went off.

Shortly afterwards Polly met Mark Roland on his way to the shop. She stopped him, as she had done the others, and told him the same story of suffering and want.

"Really, ma'am," returned the youth, "I have'nt got much money, but I should like to help you. I know you are poor, and need help. Would a—a—dollar help you?"

"The Lord bless ye, I couldn't have asked so much from you, my dear lad."

"Then you shall have a dollar," said Mark, happily. "Just you wait here a minute."

"He ran to the house, and when he returned he had two silver half-dollars in his hand, which he gave to her, remarking, as he did so—

"If I should die, as all your children have died, and my mother should become poor and helpless, I should hope that she might find friends."

"She would, she would," cried the old woman, moved to tears by the boy's words. "God won't suffer the mother of such a son to be forsaken."

Mark felt a new kind of happiness as he went at work that evening, and as he reflected upon the event which had transpired, he felt that he had done right, and that his mother would be happy if she knew it.

And while Mark was at work, old Polly went into the carpenter's house and told her story. Mr. Hammond listened to her till she had finished, and then he said—

"The boy is true, as I had hoped he would be. I can truly say—'He has been tried, and is not found wanting.'"

When Mark went to live with Mr. Hammond he was fourteen years old. During the first year he earned but little, but on the second year he laid up seventy-five dollars from the proceeds of his over-work. After this he fared better. His employer showed him no undue partiality, though the other two apprentices thought he did. They were conversing upon the subject in the shop one noon, when Mr. Hammond happened to come in just as a plain remark dropped from the lips of James Prout.

"What's that, boys?" asked the carpenter. "Do you say that I am partial to Mark Roland?"

The two apprentices were confused, and seemed loth to speak their opinions, but their employer pressed them, and finally James answered—

"You give him better work than you do us, sir."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Hammond.

"Why—he works on better work, and when he gets overwork he can make more," replied James.

"Look ye, boys—I am glad I know how you feel, for I can now set you right. Answer me this: Have I devoted one moment more time or attention to Mark than I have to you? Now think carefully—look over the time you have been in the shop together, and then answer me."

"No, sir," said James, "I don't know as you have."

"Don't you know that I *have not?*"

"Yes, sir."

"Then listen further: I want two nice four-panel doors made for the new store. I will give you the dimensions, and you may get out the stuff and make and finish them, and when they are done you shall have your pay."

"But," stammered James, "we can't make a door."

"Why not?"

"We never learned."

"Who taught Mark to make it?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Yes, you do know," said Mr. Hammond, sternly. "You know that he picked up the information while you were off *enjoying* yourselves. At first he offered to help the journeymen during his spare time, when they were driven, and they not only accepted his offer, but they did just what he wished them to do—they taught him all they could. One evening he came to me, after working hours, and wanted to buy a couple of pine boards. I asked him what he wanted of them, and he told me he only wanted to try and see what he could make of them. I asked no more questions, but made him a present of the boards. Two days after I saw a door standing in the shop, and asked one of the journeymen where it came from, and he told me it was one Mark Roland had made. It was as good and perfect a piece of work as was ever done in this shop, and is now hung in Mr. Snow's parlor. Not a particle of instruction had he ever received from me in that department of the trade. He had gained it all by his own exertions; and if I now give him better work than I give you, it is simply because he can do it, while you cannot. And now, boys, I have one word more to say: While you have behaved with decorum, and kept free from absolute evil, I have not felt called upon to interfere with what you have been pleased to call your *pleasures;* but I may tell you now that you will both see the time, if you live, when you will wish that you had followed the example of the companion with whom you have found so much fault. The way is still open for you, and I give you my word that you may learn all you can, and that you shall profit by all you learn."

The two apprentices had something to ponder upon when they were left alone, but they did not profit by it. Like too many others, they not only disliked working when they could avoid it, but they spent their spare time in seeking for those kinds of enjoyment which give the most excitement while they last, and last not when the excitement is passed. They did some over-work, and made considerable money; but it all went for amusement, and they were none the better for it.

In the meantime Mark worked on in the path he had marked out. He saw the goal ahead—AN HONORED AND RESPECTED MAN—and he moved steadily, industriously towards it. During the third year of his apprenticeship he earned over a hundred dollars. During the fourth he earned a hundred and fifty, and he was now eighteen years of age. He not only made the best use of the few months of each year allowed him for schooling, but he had gained a taste for knowledge, and he applied most of his leisure time to its acquirement.

And so the years rolled around, and when James Prout and Thomas Wilson were one-and-twenty they had become good carpenters. They had "*learned the trade,*" and had learned but little else. They could handle all the tools, and fashion all the parts of an ordinary dwelling. They took a few weeks to themselves for recreation and pleasure, and then came back, and Mr. Hammond hired them, paying them journeymen's wages. They had no money saved up, nor did they even now seem to lay any plans in that direction.

A few months after this Mark Roland was twenty-one.

"Well, Mark," said Jim Prout, "what ye goin' to do now? Let out to the old man, eh?"

"Not exactly," replied Mark. "Mr. Hammond said, some time ago, that he should like a partner. His business has increased to such an extent that he wants part of the care and responsibility removed from his shoulders. I am going to make him an offer."

"Not to be his partner?" cried Tom Wilson, in surprise.

"Why *not?*" returned our hero. "Do you not think I have knowledge enough of the business?"

"O—'tisn't that," said Tom. "We know," he added, rather reluctantly, "that you are one of the best workmen in the county."

"And I understand the whole science of architecture, and can raise a comely and harmonious structure from my own plans and designs," interposed Mark.

"Yes—I know it," admitted Tom. "But the old man wants fifteen hundred dollars for half of the shop and business."

"Well—I can pay him eleven hundred down, and I think he will wait for the rest."

"You?—Eleven hundred?—Eleven hundred dollars?"

"Certainly," said our hero. "I have that sum saved up. Just remember that I averaged a dollar and a half a week for my over-work during the first year Mr. Hammond allowed me to do it. The next year I made a hundred. And so I have worked along. And I have had my money where it has been paying me something, besides. So you see that I have not hoarded up money for the mere sake of keeping it, but for the purpose of spending it to the best advantage when the need should come."

The two journeymen went away to their work, and as they plied their planes they pondered upon what they had heard, but kept their thoughts to themselves.

When Mark made his proposition to Mr. Hammond, it was accepted immediately.

"It is the very thing I have been anxious for," the builder said. "If you could not have paid me a penny in cash, you should still have been my partner. I need you—I need you for your talent as a mechanic, for your genius as an architect, for your honor as a man, and for the influence your sterling character will exert over those about you."

And so Mark became a partner in the establishment, and within a year they were obliged to hire several new journeymen in order to perform the work that was required of them.

And at the end of that year Mark asked Mr. Hammond for the hand of Caddy.

"Now I am happy enough," the old man said, as he took his sweet child by the hand, and gave her to the loving youth. "I was happy when I knew I could entrust my business to one so true and faithful as yourself, but I am happier now, for the parent never lived who placed a fondly cherished child within the care and keeping of one more worthy and honorable than is he to whom I now give my darling Caddy."

After Mark was married, Jim Prout and Tom Wilson had a long conversation in their own chamber. They had been talking of Mark—how the business had thrived under his guidance—how he was accumulating property—and how all the people of the town respected and honored him.

"He raised our wages of his own accord," said Tom.

"Certainly," returned Jim. "And he is liberal in all things where he thinks any good can be done. I tell ye, Tom, he started in the right road—there's no use in denyin' it. He *commenced* right, and stuck to it. I heard some chaps down in the saloon, the other evenin', talkin' about what extraordinary luck he'd had. At one time I might have joined them, but he's been such a friend to me since he came into the business, that I couldn't help standin' up for him. And I told 'em—says I, 'If you knew how Mark Roland has worked—how firmly he had his heart set upon bein' what he is, even when he was a boy, and how steadily and perseveringly he has followed up that one object, you wouldn't say it was *luck.*'"

"And you told 'em right," said Tom.

But the proudest, happiest hour of Mark's life, was when he brought his mother to live with him in his own comfortable home, and knew that she realized the full force of the character and position to which he had attained. She bowed her aged head upon his bosom, and murmured, in broken accents—

"Mark—my own dear boy—if you knew how happy I am in your love and honor, and how I bless God for the son He has given me, you would never regret the labors of the past."

"Regret them!" returned the youth. "Why, mother, they have been joyous, blissful labors, full of hope and promise. I am just what the teachings of a good mother made me; and I feel that I am worthy to be called your son. But still I am no more than every son should be who has a fond and loving parent; and I am no more than any son might be, if he would but make a firm resolution in the outset, and live up to it without hesitation or wavering. Misfortunes may come; but they cannot make a bad man of him who is determined to be good; nor can they take away that wealth of the soul which gladdens the heart of a true parent."

THE "POISON-WIND."

A Russian nobleman, who has been traveling in Africa, gives the following account of the Samieli, Simoom, or Poison-Wind, which is such an object of interest and terror to all classes and all nations. He says:—The Samieli is felt in the Desert from about the middle of June to the 21st of September. It is experienced with a very violent south-west wind, and on those days when the heat of the sun is the most ardent. It is burning; it comes in gusts, more or less scorching, of more or less duration; each of them, however, even the shortest, exceeds the time that a man can hold his breath. This wind consists in a succession of burning and cool gusts. In the first, there is frequently a double degree of heat and impetuosity. The difference between the hot and the cold gusts, according to my observation, is from 7 to 10 degrees. The highest degree of the hot gusts was 73° of Farenheit; the temperature in the sun, without the Samieli, having been constantly from 53° to 57°. I thought I could observe that when this wind blows, a yellowish tinge, inclining to livid, is diffused through the atmosphere; and that, in its most violent periods, the sun becomes of a deep red. Its odour is infectious and sulphureous; it is thick and heavy, and when its heat increases, it almost causes suffocation. It occasions a pretty copious perspiration, partly excited by the uneasiness which one feels, and the difficulty with which one breathes, on account of its foetid quality. This perspiration appeared to me more dense and viscous than the natural perspiration: the wind itself deposits an unctuous fluid. The better to examine its qualities and its nature, I opened my mouth to inhale it: the palate and throat were instantly parched. It produces the same effect when inhaled through the nostrils, but more slowly. To preserve one's self from it, and keep the respiration more free, it is usual to wrap up the face with a handkerchief. In passing through the mouth it loses a part of its action and of its destructive principle; and besides, the breath keeps up a degree of humidity, and hinders the burning air from suddenly penetrating into the mouth and lungs. The Arabs, therefore, are accustomed, whatever the heat may be, even in the shade, to wrap the whole body, not excepting the head, in their *meshlah* (cloak), if they desire to sleep. This wind causes, by the rarefaction that attends it, a pretty strong agitation in the blood; and this increased movement soon brings on weakness. It in general produces on man two effects distinctly characterized. It strikes him mortally with a kind of asphyxy, or causes him a great debility. The corpse of a person so suffocated has this peculiarity, that in a few days, or even hours, as some Arabs affirm, the limbs separate at the joints with the slightest effort; so powerful is the action of the poison on the muscular parts, giving an astonishing activity to the progress of putrefaction. Such a corpse is reputed contagious. I know nothing so terrible as this wind: I felt it almost constantly in the Desert, bating some interruptions, one of which was for three days and three nights successively. My interpreter, Mr. Rossel, was struck by it, but escaped death by a discharge of blood. That which confirms what I have said of the separation of the limbs, is, that, having been struck by this air, I was affected for some weeks with an extreme weakness; and whenever the least warm wind blew on me, I felt a great faintness, and perceived in my joints a relaxation of the muscles.

The dangers of this wind are guarded against by inhaling the fumes of good vinegar, and covering the face with the handkerchief. I asked the Arabs if lying down on the ground was a preservative against it: they assured me it was not. I should be inclined myself to think it prejudicial.

THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY.

There are certain ages, in the history of the world, on which the heart dwells with strong interest and affection; but there are none, which excite our curiosity, our admiration, and our love, more intensely than the days of chivalry. At that period, the world was enchanted, and history was a romance. The heart of man was bolder, and his arm firmer, than in these days of dull reality, while the spirit of adventurous knighthood was softened with heroic gentleness, and gallant love. The beauty of woman then was a boast and a treasure, and the "mortal mixture of earth's mold" was worshiped as a starry divinity. But "the last crowning rose of all the wreath" was the universal spirit of poetical feeling, which was awakened in the heart of the nations, and which, in its mighty consequences, tended most powerfully to refine away the ignorance and barbarity, which had been the accumulation of centuries. The fountains of purer and gentler feelings were opened, and the impetuosity of their first gushing carried away the corruptions, which had confined them in their source. The effect of this spirit, on the happiness and manners of after-times, was prodigious. It spread refinement and civilization through the world, and, by awakening the soul to a sense of its own powers, it gave the first impulse to that progress of the intellect, which ensures, in its mighty advances, the liberty and the welfare of man.

ADELYN.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

I love him—and he knows it now!
Why did I let him read my heart?
'Twas written on my crimsoned brow,
And trembling hand, and lips apart,
Whene'er I met his earnest gaze.
Ah me! 'tis heaven to meet it yet;
But now our paths go separate ways,
And I—alas! I must forget!

For each wild hope doth fade away
As hour by hour I lingering stand,
And see him softly, tenderly,
Clasp in his own another's hand—
Ah me! why do I love him so?
My trembling heart, I pray be still—
I may outlive this dreary woe—
I may forget him, if I will!

Forget him? Oh, it cannot be!
Love dwells within me strong, divine,
Tho' his dark eyes look tenderly
Upon a dearer face than mine.
He loved *me* once, I know—alas!
I hold the tokens in my hand:
Two roses dead—some faded grass—
A tender poem—and a band

Of dark hair braided in a ring,
His name upon the golden crest—
I wear it as a charm to bring
The wandering sunshine to my breast!
Like wings of restless autumn birds,
My sad thoughts come and go to-night;
But, oh! I cannot weave to words
Their mystery of strange delight!

But half the world's deep beauty pales,
And falters, half life's music thrills—
His path is down the quiet vales,
And mine doth lead across the hills!
I feel my destiny is higher
And nobler far than his can be,
For Sorrow's mystic hands of fire
Hath tuned my soul to ecstasy,

Till I have caught the burning strain
Sung by the Hero-Bards of old,
Whose bosoms thrilled with love's soft pain,
In silence suffered and untold!
But lost, as winds that idly rave,
I wander in this dreary land,
Till on the borders of the grave
Some angel takes me by the hand!

BRADY'S LEAP.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

During the early settlements in the western part of Pennsylvania and the north-western portion of Virginia, the hardy adventurers into those then wilderness solitudes at times suffered severely from the incursions of the Indians. As early as 1780, quite a large body of warriors, from the vicinity of the Cuyahoga Falls, came suddenly down upon the unprotected frontier, and, before any check could be put to their ravages, succeeded in murdering and plundering quite a number of the whites, and effecting their retreat in safety.

At this time there was a well-known Indian hunter in that vicinity, one Captain Samuel Brady, whose many daring exploits and hair-breadth escapes had rendered him as famous throughout that region as his cotemporary, the celebrated Daniel Boone, was in Kentucky; and having under his leadership a goodly number of as brave and daring spirits as himself, he at once called them together, selected a certain number for the expedition, and set out on the trail of the savages, hoping to overtake them and inflict a severe chastisement before they should reach their villages.

In this respect, however, the captain and his friends were disappointed, for the Indians had gained a start which enabled them to reach their towns in advance of their pursuers; but as they belonged to different tribes, it was discovered that they had separated on the bank of the Cuyahoga, one part crossing it and going to the northward, and the other turning off to the westward, as it was supposed, to the Falls, where it was known there was a village.

This division of the Indians rendered it necessary for the whites, if they would follow each trail, to divide their force also, which would weaken it materially, and render their further pursuit still more hazardous; and in view of this new danger, Captain Brady stated the whole matter fairly to his companions, and inquired of them what they were disposed to do under the circumstances.

Should they follow either one of the trails, he said, the other half of the Indians would escape; should they follow neither one, all would escape, and should they divide, each division would be comparatively small, and they might all be cut off in detail; therefore it was for them to choose whether they would go forward in one party or two, or return as they were without striking a blow.

The men were not long in deciding; they were unanimous in their desire to push forward and take vengeance upon the enemy; they also preferred a division of the party, and accordingly about one-half of them immediately crossed the river and set off to the northward, while the remainder, under Captain Brady, followed the westward trail to the Cuyahoga Falls.

It was the design and expectation of the gallant captain to take the Indians by surprise; but the latter, expecting to be pursued by the whites, were prepared to receive them, and it was only by a mere accident that the borderers were saved from falling into an ambuscade which would have proved fatal to all.

Seeing that the Indians were fully prepared for them—that there was no chance of taking them by surprise—that their numbers were at least four times as many as their own—our friends judiciously determined upon a retreat; but they had not gone far when the Indians, uttering their wildest war-whoops, set after them in a body.

Knowing that if his men continued together there would be no hope for any of them, Captain Brady, in order to save as many lives as possible, called out to them to disperse in every direction, and each man to look out for himself. By this means he expected to divide the Indians into small parties in their pursuit of single individuals; and this might have been the result, had they not, unfortunately for his own safety, discovered in him their most vindictive and troublesome foe, and at once resolved upon his capture.

Captain Brady was well known to the Indians; in former times he had hunted with them over these very grounds; but he had subsequently become their most implacable enemy, and had done them so much injury as to create in them a fiendish desire to take him alive and put him to the torture—they well knowing that the accomplishment of this purpose would not only rid them of the man they both hated and feared, but would deprive the whites of their bravest and most daring leader, and would thus strike a more effective blow against the latter than would the destruction of a dozen or twenty men of lesser note. For this reason, therefore, the moment it was ascertained that he was one of the party, his capture was determined on by all, and turning from the pursuit of the others, the whole yelling crew set after him.

Captain Brady had something of the start, and was one of the fleetest runners on the border; that he could distance and escape from a few, he was sanguine enough to believe; but when he found himself recognized, and, looking behind him, saw the whole body in chase of himself, his very heart seemed to die within him. What chance had he of escape indeed—single handed and alone—afar from the refuge of even a wilderness fort—and with fifty infuriated Indians in hot pursuit, urged on by a spirit of revenge, and resolved, above every other earthly consideration, upon taking him alive or dead?

But the captain was a brave man, and a brave man dies but once; he was a sanguine man, too, and would not consider his case hopeless while the freedom of his limbs remained; and though, as he afterwards expressed it, "it was hardly one chance in fifty, yet he was determined to do his best, and have no fault to find with himself from a lack of effort."

Near the point where the race first started, the Cuyahoga makes a bend to the south, so as to nearly enclose an area of several square miles in the form of a peninsula; the direction taken by Brady soon brought him within this enclosure; and the Indians, by extending their line to the two banks of the stream, at the point where they most nearly approach each other, considered him as in a net, and announced their satisfaction by yells of triumph. There was now, in fact, no chance for him to escape through their lines or across the Cuyahoga river; and considering that the foremost pursuers were not fifty yards behind him, either of these chances was regarded by the savages as an impossibility.

Still the hardy and gallant captain did not despair; he had many a time hunted over this very ground, and knew every inch of it, and all the windings, turnings, and peculiarities of the river as well as the Indians themselves; he knew, too, there was one point where the river, compressed within a few feet, rushed roaring and foaming through a rocky gorge; and it at once occurred to him to shape his course for this point, and make a bold, desperate leap for the other shore. He might fall short, and be dashed to pieces upon the rocks beneath, it was true; but this would only be a quick and sudden death; the awful tortures of the stake awaited him if taken alive; and to take him alive was unquestionably the design of his pursuers, since they had neglected to fire upon him from a distance which would have made their aim fatal.

Casting away his rifle, as only an incumbrance which could not serve him in this strait, he bounded forward with renewed energy; and with a bare hope of life before him, he fled with a speed that few could equal—slightly gaining upon the fleetest of his foes—but not sufficiently, during the whole race, to take him beyond the easy reach of a rifle ball.

Nearer and nearer he came to the rushing and foaming stream; and as he heard the roar of the waters, and saw that but a few seconds could intervene between the present and the awful leap which might save or destroy him, his heart beat wildly, and his whole frame seemed to tremble with the intense concentration of his mind upon the fearful venture.

Nearer and nearer he came; louder grew the roar of the waters; the awful chasm gradually yawning before him, and the white spray of the fearful torrent rising to his view; the Indians yelling behind, and his only hope here; and then contracting his muscles, as his feet lightly pressed the precipitous rock, and throwing into them all the power of his concentrated will, he leaped into the air, like a bounding ball, and landed safely upon the other rocky verge of the abyss, striking a little below the height from which he sprung, but passing a clear distance of twenty-two feet between the mural shores.

Instantly grasping some bushes which fringed the verge of the awful chasm, to prevent himself from falling backward into the seething stream, the gallant captain stood for a few moments, panting from his exertions, and striving to recover his breath for still another flight.

In those few moments the Indians appeared upon the opposite bluff, expecting to find that he had been dashed to pieces upon the rocks below; but on discovering him safely on the opposite side, their astonishment was so great as involuntarily and simultaneously to draw from them some two or three short, approving whoops—forgetting in their first surprise that he was clearly beyond their reach, and not seeming to recollect it till he had begun to vigorously climb the ridge above him in his further efforts at escape. Then drawing up their rifles, with a quick aim, they poured in upon him something like a regular volley, most of the balls whistling close around him, and one of them lodging in his hip, and inflicting a severe and painful wound.

Notwithstanding this, the gallant fellow continued his ascent, and, on reaching the top of the ridge, gave a yell of defiance, and disappeared on the other side.

Captain Brady was now aware that the Indians would have to make a considerable circuit in order to reach him; and had he not been so severely wounded, he would have considered his escape as almost certain; but knowing he would still be followed, and finding his wound very painful, and the cords of his leg fast stiffening, he cast about him for some place to secrete himself from their search.

After running a short distance he discovered a pond, and near the shore a large oak which had fallen into it; there might be nothing better than this; and hurrying forward with all his might, he boldly plunged in, swam under water to the tree, and came up beneath the trunk and among the branches, in such a manner as to be barely able to breathe without exposing any portion of his person to his enemies.

Here, in a state of mind which may be imagined but cannot be described, the gallant borderer remained for a long time, watching his enemies as they collected one by one along the shore at the point where his bloody trail had disappeared in the water.

Still resolved upon finding him, either living or dead, the savages were by no means disposed to give up the search; and after running along the shore for a considerable distance, on either side of his trail, to ascertain if possible where he had emerged from the water, several of the party plunged in, swam out to the oak, and actually seated themselves upon it, while they conversed in their own language, which he understood, concerning his wonderful escape.

At last, with such feelings of joy as no one not similarly circumstanced might comprehend, he heard them state their belief that he was drowned, and his body lost to them by being sunk in deep water; and soon after this, to his still greater joy, they quietly returned to the shore, and one by one all gradually disappeared.

Remaining in his uncomfortable position till he considered it safe to leave it, the wounded captain himself then swam back to the land; and weary, lame, and hungry as he was—alone, and without a weapon for his defense—he set off on his long, tedious journey through the wilderness for his own home; which he eventually reached more dead than alive; and where, to his great gratification, he found the companions of his perilous expedition already returned in safety.

This has truly been considered one of the most wonderful adventures of a region teeming with adventure; and to this day the pond in which the captain secreted himself bears his name; while the rocky chasm of the Cuyahoga, across which he made his desperate spring, is known far and near by the name of "BRADY'S LEAP."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OLDEST INHABITANT.—The old wooden forts that stood on the Battery were torn down in February, 1805. That winter was so severe that hickory wood rose to eight dollars for a carman's load, and coal was but little used then, and was correspondingly dear. Therefore, on the fifth day of February, 1805, the Legislature of the State passed an act, authorizing the corporation of New York to tear down the forts at the Battery and Rhinelanders, and distribute the timber among the poor for fuel; and the forts were demolished and converted to fire-wood. The winter of 1855-6 was the severest we have had of late years. In February of the latter year horses and wagons crossed to Randall's Island on the ice, for more than three weeks; and on the twenty-first day of that month persons crossed to Blackwell's Island on the ice.

ANXIETY.—It is impossible to advise you in regard to the management of your refractory daughter, upon the meager statement you have given us. The course to be pursued will depend upon her age, character, education, habits, and the particular circumstances connected with the courtship you mention. On general principles and the characteristics of females, you should act with the utmost delicacy. When a woman loves a man, the worst thing a parent who wishes to alienate her affections from her lover can do, is to disparage and persecute the lover. Such a course will make her love him all the more, and cling to him with still greater pertinacity.

A NEW YORKER.—The doctors disagree as to the use of ice. A few years ago, an intelligent physician of this city suggested the use of "ice pills" for the relief of *cholera morbus*, and similar diseases prevalent during the hot weather. His theory is, that the ice, swallowed whole, in small particles, not only does not distress the stomach, as the iced water would, but goes directly to the overheated organ, and acts immediately by the abstraction of the morbid heat directly from the stomach, and immediately upon the bowels, through it. The ice should not be taken till the stomach has thrown off whatever has proved the exciting cause. Till then warm water is the proper remedy.

E. A. S. C.—Your money for the subscriptions was duly received. Back numbers cost four cents each. When we run out of back numbers, all we have to do is to put our electrotype plates on the press and print whatever number of copies we may desire. There never had been any paper electrotyped in the United States when we began to electrotype the LEDGER in June, 1856—over two years ago. The great advantage of having a paper electrotyped or stereotyped is that we can always print back numbers from the plates.

JUSTICE.—You are not legally bound to pay the debt of your brother-in-law, inasmuch as the promise to do so was not made in writing. No one is bound to pay the debt of another exceeding fifty dollars, unless the agreement to do so is made in writing, or a portion of the indebtedness was paid by the party promising. You are morally bound to pay the debt, however. No honest man will break a promise, even though he cannot be legally held to its performance.

P. N. T.—It was not improper for you to call General Putnam "Old Put" in your composition. Washington so called him in some of his letters. "Old Put" is a term of endearment, and is also perfectly respectful, the same as "Old Hickory," "Old Ironsides," the "Little Corporal," (Napoleon's pet appellation,) "Old Rough and Ready," and other similar names. Your teacher's fastidiousness is probably the result of ignorance.

S. G.—If you have fully determined that you cannot and will not marry the young lady, you should inform her of the fact, and allow her to take such steps as she and her friends may think proper, to make known the termination of the engagement to the public. It is a much more serious matter for her than for you, and you should suffer all the unpleasant consequences.

A FARMER.—We have never seen but one specimen of the large "cherry currant." They were lately left at our office by a German gardener, who resides at Ravenswood, L. I. We never saw anything to equal them either in size or flavor. They are as large as ordinary cherries. By addressing Charles F. Erhard, Ravenswood, L. I., you will learn all about them—how they are cultivated, &c. &c.

NEWSDEALER.—Any of the wholesale dealers in this city will supply you with any number of "LEDGERS" you may want at two and three-quarter cents a copy. They pay us two-and-a-half cents a copy. We do not supply retail dealers at our office. We leave all that sort of business to the wholesale dealers.

INQUIRER.—No one knows where or when the sloop-of-war "Hornet" was lost. It is only known that she disappeared and has never been heard of. It is supposed that she went down in some one of the violent storms which sweep over the Gulf of Mexico.

FORT EDWARD.—You should obey the rules of the school, or else quit it. Disobedience or rebellion is not a sign of manliness, but it is often the reverse.

C. H. D.—You cannot get your son into the United States Navy, so long as his "natural infirmity of gait" continues.

JUVENUS.—We cannot point out the works "by the reading of which you can become a noble and enlightened statesman." If you have not the right sort of a head and heart no amount of reading will enable you to reach the goal. One who aspires to the rank of an American statesman should study the history of this country thoroughly, read all the biographies of eminent Americans which he can get hold of, and also their letters and other writings, the Presidents' messages, reports of heads of departments, Congressional debates, statistical reports, census reports, laws and Constitution of the United States and the comments thereon by standard authorities, elementary works on the common law and the law of nations, treaties with foreign powers, &c., &c.

QUANDARY.—If you do not intend to marry for several years to come, you had better say nothing to the young lady in regard to your attachment for her. Should you frankly state your intentions, she would probably decline to enter into such a risky and precarious engagement; and should you not inform her that you do not intend to marry for a number of years, you would act very dishonestly, and would sooner or later reap the reward of your duplicity.

F. M.—We shall be glad to answer any question on etiquette that may be sent us, but we do not deem it advisable to publish a treatise on the subject, continuing it from week to week in the LEDGER.

DRAMATIST.—We do not know what first-rate comedies and tragedies bring in this city or elsewhere. We only know that it is exceedingly difficult to dispose of them at any price.

A. G. H.—If you will go to Frazer River, you had better go to San Francisco first. It is probable that there will soon be ships sailing from this port to Victoria, on Vancouver's Island.

S. M. G.—The following method is recommended by those who are experienced in such matters, for restoring persons apparently drowned: Convey the body to the nearest house, with head raised. Strip and rub dry. Wrap in blankets. Inflate the lungs by closing the nostrils with thumb and finger, and blowing into the mouth forcibly, then pressing the hand on the chest. Again blow in the mouth and press on the chest, and go on for *ten minutes*, or until the person breathes. Keep the body warm, extremities also. Continue rubbing. Do not give up so long as there is any chance of success. It is possible that your child might have been restored had proper means been applied, but no one can now say anything reliable in relation to the matter, and it is not wise or kind to complain of those who did the best they could.

S. G. C.—No remarks should have been made in regard to the stranger's attending the party without an invitation. The father of the young lady who gave the party should have asked him for his address, and given him an opportunity to explain how he came to be there. Those who brought him to the party, being old friends of the family, undoubtedly supposed they were doing nothing improper. A man should never attend a private party under such circumstances, no matter how strong the assurances that "it will be all right." The proper way is for the family with whom he is staying, or with whom he is acquainted, to inform the party giver concerning him, and request an invitation for him.

L. D. E.—We think you are right on the prison-discipline question. Rogues are not sent to prison to be petted and made ladies and gentlemen of, but to be *punished* for their crimes. If they harden their hearts under the just punishment to which they are subjected, that is their own affair; and if they repeat their offences on being liberated, they must be sent back again, and be punished still more severely. All this talk about the lenient treatment of criminals, and the making of them over into good men and women, is perfect nonsense, or, at the best, but amiable rant.

PETER.—If the horses turned out to be worth only about one-half the sum you paid for them on the strength of what their owner represented to you, you can sue him and recover whatever damages you can show yourself to be entitled to. As you have plenty of proof that he warranted the horses to be sound in every respect, you will have but little difficulty in making out your case. You cannot, however, get him indicted for obtaining money under false pretenses, and it would be absurd for you to attempt such a thing.

L. N. R.—It is impossible for us to say how long it would take you to foreclose the mortgage, as we are not acquainted with the facts of the case. The non-resident defendant you will have to serve by advertisement, which will take six weeks. You had better give the matter into the hands of some lawyer, or you may be several years trying to foreclose, as there are many chances for you to make blunders, and your opponents would be certain to take advantage of every error.

C. J. N.—You may be right, and so may your neighbor. A man who is the habit of asserting, as vehemently as you do in your letter, that he always does justice to all men, is very apt to do much injustice. He who has the ignorance or presumption to set himself up as the judge and dispenser of justice, is often but little acquainted therewith; and he who is constantly prating about his conscientiousness is not apt to have any worth speaking of. Real goodness, of all kinds, is addicted to silence and modesty.

CUNNING.—If you have told the girl that your visits are merely visits of friendship, and she has expressed her gratification thereat, we do not see why you denominate your calling upon her "keeping company," or fear that she will misunderstand your attentions. If she is *glad* that your visits are only those of friendship, *and has told you so*, it strikes us that she has got the better of you in the explanation, and that she is abundantly able to take care of herself.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—The young man could not very well help being vexed at your publicly presenting him with a fine-tooth comb, after it had been so generally stated that he needed one. Such practical jokes are always reprehensible, and the perpetrators of them should not complain when they get paid back severely.

BELL CHECK.—When walking with a lady, on meeting with a crowd whereby the walk is so crowded both of you cannot pass, arm-in-arm, you should so place yourself as to protect the lady from coming in contact with any of the obstructors, and lead her through the crowd.

C. M. S.—We never publish stories written for the purpose of advocating, or which even indirectly advocate, any particular *sectarian* views, or *political* principles. We consider theology and politics quite out of place in such a connection.

DICK TARLETON.—The tale to which you refer, we paid for. Did you not see it first in the LEDGER? Hereafter, it would be well for you first to learn something of the subject on which you undertake to give impertinent advice.

PELEG WHITE.—We have never heard of anything having been struck *twice* by lightning. It is an old proverb that "Lightning never strikes twice in the same place," but it *might* strike the same *thing* twice, in different places.

COVENTRY.—The price of the back numbers of the LEDGER from the commencement of the "Storm Secret" on June 7th, 1856, to the end of the "Wife's Conquest" on May 30th, 1857, is two dollars.

KARMEL.—We have not space sufficient to give you a full account of the recent eruptions of Mount Vesuvius, and to explain their cause. They are not different in their nature from former eruptions of Vesuvius and other volcanos.

SALMAGUNDI.—If the young lady will not give up your letters, you had better let them go. Such a matter is not worth making a fuss about.

UP-TOWN.—It makes no difference whether the color of the paper be pink, white, or blue. The contents and style of your notes are the important things.

SEGAR.—You are in the right in regard to your trifling dispute as to that "other segar;" the whole thing will probably end in smoke.

JESSIE.—If you prefer always to give a lady with whom you are walking the inside of the walk, you should change sides with her on crossing the street.

ILLINOIS.—As you are a minor, the person holding your note can not force you to pay it; but you should not take advantage of that circumstance.

LUCKY.—You should advertise the money found by you. It is a felony to keep it.

P. L.—Send the money to the young lady to pay for the daguerreotype at the time you write to her for it.

AGGRIEVED.—This correspondent, on returning home from a neighbor's one evening recently, came suddenly into the parlor, where, to her great astonishment, she found her husband sitting on the sofa, with his arm around the waist of a young lady friend of hers, who has been staying in the family for several weeks. The young lady was weeping, and they were talking in a low tone, with their heads close together. The astounded wife instantly stepped back into the hall, and made a noise so the absorbed couple might take warning, and then leisurely walked into the parlor, where she found her husband intently engaged in the perusal of a book, and the young lady gazing at something out of the window. The latter left the room as soon as possible, while the husband was greeting his wife, and engaging her attention by animated inquiries in regard to her visit at the neighbor's. Since that time the lady has observed nothing improper or mysterious in the conduct of either of the offending parties, but her heart has been filled with sorrow ever since that fatal evening. She would like to know the true state of affairs, but cannot stoop to act the spy in her own household, and turns to the LEDGER for advice. You had better let the matter rest, unless some further developments take place. Perhaps the young lady was deeply grieved about something, and your husband was simply trying to comfort her with a little sympathetic advice. He might have given it at a safer distance, but men are not exempt from the common follies of the race. The young lady should have sought your advice and sympathy, rather than your husband's; but she probably acted innocently, though foolishly. The course you have pursued is a wise one, and you had better continue in it.

X. Y. Z.—You should not rail at "the country"—at country fare, country housekeeping, and country doctors. Your children's illness is probably owing to your own imprudence. When city people go in the country, they forget that they are subjected to a change of air, change of water, change of hours, change of diet, and many other important "changes," which disturb the system and render considerable care necessary until it has had time to regulate itself. You should not let your children be out of doors after sunset, as the heavy dews and dampness will be certain to injure them. You should be also careful of their diet and dress for the first month; after that, they can eat and drink more freely of the country food, water and milk. If you will do your part wisely, "the country" will second all your efforts to keep your children in health.

SIMEON.—The mysterious prediction of Meg Merriles (Sir Walter Scott's famous gipsey) in regard to the house of Bertram, runs as follows:

"Dark shall be light,
And wrong done to right,
When Bertram's right and Bertram's might
Shall meet on Ellangowan's hight."

You will find the whole thing set forth in "Guy Mannering"—one of the Waverly Novels. As to the clubs for the LEDGER, the members thereof can have their papers sent to different post-offices, but we cannot deviate from our printed terms as to price, no matter how many subscriptions you send in.

R. R.—You had no right to touch your neighbor's boy because he had taken away your son's basket of berries. You should have told his father of the matter, and asked him to set it right. No man, worthy of the name, will permit his children to be meddled with by his neighbors or anybody else. As for the quarrels of children, it is best to let them alone. They never amount to anything serious, and children soon make up their little squabbles, and become as good friends as ever. But when parents once mingle in the strife, it is a difficult thing to restore harmony to the neighborhood.

REUBEN says he and his friends have been debating, without being able to come to a satisfactory conclusion, the following question: Why do white sheep bear more wool than black ones? and he wants us to give it a solution. We suppose it is because there are so many more white sheep than black ones. Were the question—Why does *a white sheep* bear more wool than *a black one?* we should give it up.

S.—Says he is very much attached to a young lady, for whom his respect, when in company with her, "slowly dies away;" but as soon as he is absent from her his affection returns stronger than ever; and he asks the old question—"What had I better do?" Do nothing. Let things take their natural course, and your feelings and affections will get properly balanced after awhile.

J. M.—It would not be a criminal act for you to shoot a burglar, in case you should get a chance to do so, while he was in your house or on your premises. Should you awake in the night and find one in your room, you would do well to shoot him instantly, else he might shoot you. Such nefarious scamps ought to be exterminated.

E. K.—A girl who should induce a young man to go to a pic-nic with her, and then forsake him for some other beau, would deserve to be let alone by the ill-treated one forever afterwards. It would be folly, however, for him to attempt to inflict any other kind of retaliation or punishment upon her.

CATO.—A thorough knowledge of Latin and Greek will do you no harm, and if you have a taste for the study of those languages you may as well gratify it, especially as your parents are anxious to have you become a superior scholar. You can get any back number of the LEDGER up to June 7th, 1856, of us, or you can order it through a newsdealer.

STUDENT.—You must study and work according to your proclivities and constitution. Some men can accomplish most by rising early and working before breakfast; others can do nothing in the morning, but can labor vigorously far into the night. You must ascertain which habit agrees best with you, and then follow it up.

SAM.—Your story about "*carrying* the money—two hundred thousand dollars in gold—to the bank," is rather apocryphal, and casts a doubt over your whole story. Not one man in a million could *carry* $200,000 in gold three-quarters of a mile. We do not know any one among our personal acquaintances who could even raise that amount.

CURIOSITY.—We know nothing about the lawsuit you mention. Your friend had better not base his hopes on its favorable result. People are often disappointed as to result of lawsuits, especially when they expect to inherit vast possessions as heirs.

MARTINISICS.—This correspondent sends the following problem for the LEDGER boys to solve: A tree, one hundred feet high, was broken, and the broken part fell ten feet from the base, still adhering to the tree. At what distance from the bottom was the tree broken?

FRAZER RIVER.—All places are about the same to the industrious, the sagacious and the economical. Whether you would better your condition or not by going to California or Frazer River, is a question which can only be decided by the experiment itself.

LAWRIE.—It was Henry IV. of France who was assassinated while riding in his carriage in the open street, by Ravillac. You will have to bear with your disappointment in regard to your lover as you best can, until time shall heal the wound.

H. S. M.—If you and the young lady are of age, you had better get married at once—that is, if your statement of the case is strictly true. After your marriage, you could bring about a reconciliation at your leisure. If the young lady is not of age, wait patiently until she arrives at her majority.

B. F. K.—We suppose that it is impossible to take any measures which will *completely* protect a house against lightning; but it is reasonable to believe that a house which is supplied with good lightning rods is better protected than one which has none.

T. B. E.—It would not be improper for a gentleman calling at a millinery store on business, to take off his hat to the "fair milliner," nor would it be a breach of manners for him to keep it on his head.

R. P. S.—We have no doubt you have "splendid belles" in New Orleans. You must ask your capitalists why they do not build ocean steamers, and let them answer for themselves.

A LADY SUBSCRIBER.—The month of September would be a good time of the year to journey to San Francisco. The expense, in the first cabin, would be about three hundred dollars.

NOTES AND QUERIES.—Kent's Commentaries would be perhaps the best work for you to read for the purpose of getting a general knowledge of the elementary principles of law.

MITTEN.—You should return the young lady her letters, and all the keepsakes she has given you. It is always best to act generously in such cases. Any exhibition of petty spite by you would be bitterly regretted in the future.

RANCHERO.—The Texan Rangers are probably as good Indian fighters as there are in the world. They are generally expert horsemen, dead shots, very muscular, active and enduring, and as brave as grizzly bears.

POLYANTHUS.—You can study botany at home, if you are a girl of resolution, and can stick to a thing that you have once begun.

J. A. M.—Your solution of the sheep problem published in the LEDGER of July 17th, is correct, and is cleverly done. A had three sheep, and B had two.

PENTONIUS.—The Hudson river and Manhattan (now New York) Island were discovered in 1609, but the first settlement was not commenced here until 1612.

JULIAN GLENDOWER.—Your friends have no right to interfere in your love affairs.

WILL.—We see no reason why two brothers should not marry girls who are sisters.

INVENTOR.—Robert Fulton's first steamboat trip to Albany was made in the year 1810.

DILLAYE B.—We should be glad to accommodate you, but we know of no such books as you mention.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*